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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

By a convulsive effort the Stresemann Cabinet has succeeded in reconstructing itself, the Socialists having after all retained their positions on the understanding that the eight-hours day law is not to be abrogated. The only personal change of importance is the substitution of Dr. Luther, the former Food Minister, for Dr. Hilferding as Finance Minister. Whether the Reichstag will, by the necessary two-thirds majority, vote the extraordinary powers demanded by the Chancellor is at the moment of writing still uncertain. The Bill conferring the powers is being strongly opposed in Bavaria, where von Kahr still exercises unchallenged sway. Herr Stinnes and the French Government are also apparently resolved on making the position of the Stresemann administration impossible. Under such conditions the best that can be said for the Government is that it lives on from day to day, and by the time these lines are in print even that may not be true. The precise aims of Herr Stinnes and his associates are, as usual, a little obscure; but it is clear, at any rate, that two of the objects aimed at are an understanding with the French for the common advantage of French and German industrialists, and war on such obnoxious institutions as the eight-hours day. In pursuance of the former object he has paid a visit to General Degoutte and initiated negotiations, thus enabling M. Poincaré to refuse all discussions with the German Government as to Ruhr conditions, on the ground that the matter is one for merely local decision, and that conversations regarding it are already in progress. As Herr Stinnes and M. Poincaré seem equally anxious to overthrow the Stresemann administration, the former hoping for an industrial dictatorship and the latter for chaos, their common efforts are likely enough to achieve their purpose. Meanwhile, the deadlock in the Ruhr continues; and the railwaymen have not yet resumed work.

It is clear from the ruthlessness with which French policy is being pursued that any assurances M. Poincaré

may have given to Mr. Baldwin were utterly valueless. The German Government withdraws the passive resistance decrees, as the French have always demanded. M. Poincaré informs the German Chargé d'Affaires that there can be no question of negotiations between the Governments, and invites Dr. Stresemann to address himself to the Reparation Commission if he has any proposals to make. The mere mention of Reparation proposals under present conditions sufficiently reveals the cynical character of French policy. By her activities in the Ruhr since last January, France has destroyed the whole fabric of German finance; she has made anything like an international loan impossible; she has shattered German currency so that payments in terms of gold marks are out of the question; and the state of impoverishment of the Exchequer in Berlin is now such that for the Government to make the necessary payments to German industrialists for deliveries in kind would precipitate another financial crisis—if, indeed, any room for degrees of crisis remains. All this is clear enough to the French themselves, and it is all in keeping with their real aims. French exploitation of the Ruhr and Rhineland, if possible with the co-operation of German industrialists, is now the *mot d'ordre*. Hence the negotiations between Stinnes and Degoutte, and the agreement already actually reached between the French authorities and the Phoenix firm. Concurrently, the assiduous attempts to stimulate the Separatist movement or movements continue unabated. The part played by the French troops when the Green Police were doing their duty in suppressing Separatist disturbances in Düsseldorf recalls the exploits of General Lerond's forces in Upper Silesia two years ago. The Rhineland still remains part of the Reich; but every turn of French policy and every detail of administrative action is palpably designed to bring its severance nearer. While the League of Nations is rather pathetically striving to build up the fabric of Europe in the East, France is ruthlessly working for disruption in the West.

THE scandal of the award of Greece's deposit of 50,000,000 lire to Italy by the Ambassadors' Conference cannot be left where it is. In an interesting article in last Monday's "Daily News," Mr. Wilson Harris gives what purports to be something of the inner history of the Ambassadors' change of front. From this it seems clear, first, that the Italians were resolved from the start either to keep Corfu or to secure the 50 million lire; secondly, that Baron Avezzana slipped neatly past the guard of at least one of his colleagues by declaring that Italy would hold her pledges unless Greece were proved definitely guilty of any negligence, whereas they understood him to be giving an assurance that she would release the pledges unless Greece were proved definitely guilty; and thirdly, that the award of the money to Italy was made, "as the best method of appeasement,"—to quote the either cynical or sanctimonious comment of M. Jules Cambon, the French chairman of the Conference—in flat defiance of the Ambassadors' own Commission of Inquiry, all of whose members, with the solitary exception of the Italian, took the view that the murder of General Tellini was inspired not by political motives at all, but by a desire for personal vengeance. This version of the report of the Commission of Inquiry, which the Ambassadors still resolutely decline to publish, is confirmed by a message from the correspondent of the "Daily Express" at Janina. The one (deferred) consolation to be derived from the whole squalid affair is that it may mean the end of the Ambassadors' Conference; for the spectacle of this essentially non-judicial tribunal of four purporting to administer even justice in a case in which one of the four is a party to the dispute, and finally giving a verdict recalling the shadiest deals of a diplomacy whose disappearance we had almost come to believe in, has been a little too much for the average Englishman.

CHINA has elected a new President at last, but it may be doubted whether the achievement means anything more than a fresh phase of civil war. Theoretically, Tsao Kun should be in a strong position, for he is related to Chang Tso-lin, still the overlord of Manchuria, and has never quite broken his political alliance with Wu Pei-fu, on whom China's hopes were not so long ago centred. But ties like these count for little in such conditions as now prevail in China, and the circumstances attending the choice of President are the best guarantee of a mobilization of his opponents against him. It appears to have been doubtful to the last whether enough Members of Parliament could be mustered to form a quorum, but bribery on a wholesale scale did its work, and Marshal Tsao Kun got his quota of votes with unexpected ease. Events having taken this course in the North, the deposed president, Li-Yuan-hung, is organizing a counter-movement from his retreat in the French concession at Shanghai. More fighting is therefore in prospect, and there unfortunately seems no reason to suppose that Tsao Kun, even with the support of Wu Pei-fu, is the man to weld China into a unity. At the same time certain measures of reconstruction are being taken in hand. The "Chinese Government," whatever that term may signify at the present moment, has appointed a commission to prepare a scheme for the balancing of the Budget and the stabilization of financial relations between Peking and the provinces, as well as the funding of the floating debt. There is plenty of money in China, and the commission charged with drafting a plan contains a number of competent men, many of them foreigners, under the chairmanship of Dr. W. W. Yen, who, after being for many years Chinese

Minister at Berlin, held for a time the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. It remains to be seen whether, under the pressure of external protests and demands, financial reform may be pushed through successfully despite the political situation.

A VEIL of secrecy has fallen on the proceedings of the Imperial Conference. October 5th was devoted to a statement by Lord Curzon on foreign affairs, selected passages from which were subsequently published; but the delegates desired that the subsequent discussion, on October 8th, should be treated as strictly confidential, and no report or summary was issued. Lord Curzon's statement itself, so far as published, contained little that was new. Much of it was devoted to a review of the negotiations at Lausanne, and while Lord Curzon regretted the "concessions to Turkish pertinacity" embodied in the Treaty, he claimed that the main British objects had been achieved in the freedom of the Straits, increased prestige in Turkey, and "the appeasement in all Moslem countries which is already following the reconciliation between Turkey and ourselves." With regard to Reparations and the Ruhr, Lord Curzon struck a note of almost despairing helplessness. He expressed frank disappointment at the result of "our sincere but thankless intervention," but contended that, with the receipt of the French and Belgian Notes, "our capacity for useful intervention was manifestly exhausted." He emphasized both the dangers of the present situation and the impossibility of a settlement without our co-operation, but insisted that the next move lay with France. It would be interesting to know how far the statement satisfied General Smuts's desire that we should "speak with a voice that will be listened to in the affairs of the world." It is stated that at least one constructive scheme for settlement of the European chaos was put forward during the discussion; but its nature has not transpired. We may know more after October 12th, when Lord Curzon is expected to renew the debate.

THE Economic Conference is getting to grips with its main controversial problem. On October 9th, Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame put forward proposals by the British Government for stabilizing or extending Imperial preference in respect of sugar, fruit, and tobacco, and took the opportunity to announce that Imperial Preference is now an underlying principle in the development of inter-Imperial trade. Mr. Bruce at once asked for a preference to Australian wines, and Mr. Burton, of South Africa, raised the question of maize; but for a clear revelation of what this "underlying principle" really means in the minds of its convinced advocates, we are indebted to an earlier speech by Mr. Bruce, intended for the opening session. In his view, it would be suicidal for the Empire to depend on outside sources either for foodstuffs or raw materials, and he has his own definite proposals for removing that dependence. His first choice is a tariff on foodstuffs and materials with a preference to Dominion products. His second proposal is a sliding scale of protection and preference, to come into operation when prices become unremunerative to the home producer. As an alternative, he would accept a system of subsidies to both British and Dominion producers, or a system of import licences discriminating against the foreigner. Finally, he suggests the control of purchases from foreign countries by a National Purchase Corporation, which would stabilize prices by importing or releasing foreign wheat and meat only when there was a shortage in the combined home and Dominion supplies.

Mr. Bruce urged the appointment of an Imperial Royal Commission to consider his proposals, and we owe him our thanks for defining clearly and unmistakably issues which our own Protectionists are constantly trying to evade.

* * *

A RATHER foolish stir has been caused this week by the report that, at Sir Montague Barlow's instigation, the Cabinet was contemplating a policy of "a little inflation" in order to relieve unemployment. Sir Montague Barlow attempted to foist the responsibility for this project on to Mr. F. C. Goodenough, the Chairman of Barclays Bank, who promptly repudiated it; and it now appears that the real inspiration of the Minister of Labour was a rather crude proposal of Commander Burney, M.P., who knows more about paravanes than monetary affairs. The underlying idea, as distinct from some absurd details, is sound enough—an enlargement of the scale of schemes like the Trade Facilities Act and the execution of public works, to the extent, possibly, of some increase in the floating debt. Unfortunately the practical limits to such a policy are only too narrow (unless it is intended to subsidize quite uneconomic undertakings, in which case the objections are obvious, and have nothing to do with "inflation"). There is little hope that trade can be sufficiently stimulated by these means to resume a state of full activity; there is no danger at all that it will be stimulated to such excess as to entail a soaring price-level.

* * *

To speak of the dangers of inflation at the present time is, indeed, to cry fire in Noah's flood. What is required is to bring deflation definitely to an end. The article in our Finance and Investment columns last week, pointing out that regulations of an avowedly deflationary character still govern our Currency Note Issue, and may prove a serious obstacle next year to a trade revival, has been criticized on familiar lines. It is argued that trade is very unlikely to recover anyway, so that the currency restrictions are not likely to have any real effect. This is very possible; but it is quite certain that, if the restrictions are to have any effect at all, it is as an obstacle to trade recovery that they must operate. Do our critics desire to impede a trade recovery, or do they not? If not, what is the point of retaining regulations which must be futile, unless they are mischievous? For our part, we believe that the formal maintenance of the Cunliffe policy is even to-day not free from mischief. The main causes of trade stagnation are certainly not monetary at all; but one of them is a lack of confidence in the future price-level, which could be appreciably diminished by the public adoption of a revised monetary policy with the express aim of preventing any further fall.

* * *

ACTIVITY has been mainly behind the scenes in the world of industrial relations during the past week. On Monday the mediators of the Trade Union Congress met the president and vice-president of the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation with a view to obtaining an explicit definition of the employers' offer to discuss modifications of the National Overtime and Night-Shift Agreement, provided that the boilermakers first accept the agreement as it now stands. This conference was adjourned pending further negotiation by the T.U.C. representatives with the boilermakers, and at the time of going to press no report has yet been issued as to the progress made in the search for peace along these lines. There can, however, be no doubt that the T.U.C. will bring the utmost pressure to bear on the boilermakers, if they can show that this offer by the employers is in

any way substantial. The executive of the Miners' Federation have also been in session for the purpose of preparing a more detailed statement of their demands for modifications in the present wage agreement. This follows on the owners' reply that though they could not at present accept the miners' demands, they were willing to meet them again. A renewal of negotiations will probably take place very shortly. Finally, it may be noted that the Railway Central Wages Board has been unable to reach agreement on the companies' proposals for alterations in the national agreement. The matter will therefore go, as was expected, to the National Board, who must publish their report and decision within twenty-eight days. Behind these unsensational incidents a very serious situation is developing, both in the mines and on the railways, and we must envisage the probability of grave trouble in both industries before many weeks have elapsed.

* * *

A DISPUTE regarding panel fees between the Ministry of Health and the Insurance Acts Committee (representing the medical profession) came to a head this week. At the instigation of the Approved Societies the Ministry has proposed a reduction in capitation fees which the doctors are not willing to accept. In 1914 these fees stood at 7s. 3d. per patient; in 1920 they were raised to 11s.; in 1922 they were reduced to 9s. 6d. The Ministry now offers 8s. for a period of five years, or, alternatively, 8s. 6d. for three years. In a long and carefully reasoned letter dated October 8th the Insurance Acts Committee recommends to its constituents:—

A. That the offer of the Minister of 8s. for five years be definitely rejected.

B. That the offer of 8s. 6d. for three years is inadequate, and that arbitration be asked for.

C. That in the event of arbitration being refused, the offer of 8s. 6d. be definitely rejected.

D. That any agreement with the Ministry on the question of the capitation fee be subject to agreement being arrived at with regard to the special circumstances of rural practitioners.

It is a matter of national importance that the Insurance Acts should be administered with the active goodwill of the medical profession, and we therefore hope that the request for arbitration will not be rejected.

* * *

It is reported that Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook have acquired the Hulton newspapers, which include the "Evening Standard," the "Daily Sketch," and the "Sunday Herald" in London; and the "Daily Dispatch," the "Evening Chronicle," the "Sporting Chronicle," the "Sunday Chronicle," and the "Empire News," in Manchester. Nothing is definitely known as to how these Napoleons of Fleet Street intend to divide their new acquisitions between themselves; but some division, as regards the control of policy at least, seems to be required by the natures of the two men; and it is rumoured that Lord Beaverbrook is to control the London group, and Lord Rothermere those published in Manchester. Lord Beaverbrook will thus acquire the "Evening Standard," which he is believed long to have coveted; while Lord Rothermere will be able to subject a large section of the Northern public to the anti-national opinions and the methods of news selection which have distinguished the conduct of his London journals. The financial arrangements will also be awaited with interest. The development is one of grave public importance. We shall publish in the next two weeks two articles by Mr. Norman Angell on the underlying significance of some prominent features of the modern newspaper industry.

THE AIMS OF M. POINCARÉ.

THE Rothermere and Poincaré newspapers, urged on by M. Poincaré himself, are in full cry after Lord Curzon for daring to remark that he expected proposals from France now that the official German support of passive resistance in the Ruhr has been withdrawn. It is worth while to consider the reason for their fury. It would be easy for Lord Curzon to justify his observation by reference to French official declarations. In the French Note of July 30th last, for instance, the following sentence occurs: "They (the French and Belgian Governments) will only enter into negotiations with the German Government if that Government first give the necessary orders to cause passive resistance to cease. . . ." The "necessary orders" have now been issued, but negotiations are not, it seems, to follow. "We shall continue," said M. Poincaré last Sunday, "to demand permanent guarantees of security and the total of our Reparations. We shall be ready to listen to precise proposals when we have been able to satisfy ourselves on the spot that resistance has ceased, and that the deliveries in kind which are due to us have been regularly resumed." The "Temps" anticipated this declaration by assailing Lord Curzon in violent terms:—

"Yes, it is France which is to be hauled over the coals. Since she has been so wrong as to win a victory in the Ruhr, she is asked imperiously what she intends to do with her victory. If the French Government does not accept this invitation, Lord Curzon hints at two warnings which have vaguely the appearance of threats. He mentions that British troops are still in Cologne, and that no agreement at Reparations can be made with Germany without England's permission.

"Thus, not content with having envenomed the Ruhr conflict, not content with having delayed a solution, not content with encouraging, by his new speech, the resistance party in Germany, Lord Curzon comes to set himself up as an arbitrator between France and Germany. France is summoned and ordered to produce proposals."

Arrogance and intolerance could hardly be carried to greater lengths than they are in these passages. It is an outrage, we are told, to ask France what she intends to do with her victory in the Ruhr. She is not even prepared to "listen to precise proposals" until the cessation of official resistance has been followed by the complete and final submission of the Ruhr inhabitants and the resumption of deliveries in kind. This attitude is capable of only two explanations. Either the French Government does not know what it intends to do with its victory, or it is unwilling to avow its intentions. It is more than probable, indeed, that both motives are operative at this juncture. M. Poincaré's next move may still be under consideration, while his ultimate aim cannot be openly proclaimed.

No shadow of doubt can remain after the proceedings of the last fortnight as to the policy that M. Poincaré is pursuing. A demand for "the total of our Reparations" is still coupled in his speeches with "permanent guarantees of security," but it is towards the latter aim, interpreted in crudely militarist terms, that his acts are all directed. In his view the security of France can only be maintained by the permanent disruption of Germany. He harks back to a period in history when "Germany" was merely a geographical expression covering forty or fifty impotent States, while France was supreme in Europe. If by producing economic chaos and political anarchy in Germany he can put the clock back a hundred years, so much the better. Failing that, it would satisfy him to detach the Ruhr and the Rhinelands permanently from the German Reich,

and by their economic and military exploitation to increase the power of France at the expense of her most dangerous rival. The whole scheme is coherent with the hideous coherence which sometimes accompanies insanity. It is in vain to point out that by pursuing this policy France is sowing the seeds of revenge in the soil of a nation which must inevitably recover sooner or later the power to reap the bitter harvest. Its adherents know of no alternative to it save the destruction of France; for to them it is inconceivable that the two nations should ever live peaceably side by side under the restraint of public law and mutual forbearance. In international affairs there is no logical halting-place between loving your enemy and destroying him. Once reconciliation is ruled out as impossible, the case for implacable hatred is overwhelming.

At first sight it may seem strange that if M. Poincaré feels strong enough to pursue a policy which manifestly aims at the disruption of Germany, he should hesitate to proclaim that as his object. There are, however, factors to be taken into account which sufficiently explain his reticence. In the first place, his own people are not united in support of the ends he has in view, and some degree of ambiguity has been necessary in order to secure general approval of his interim measures. There can be no doubt that the peasants, who may exercise a decisive influence on elections, have been deeply moved by the demand for Reparations. They have been told with the greatest emphasis that the invasion of the Ruhr was undertaken merely to force Germany to pay her just debts to France, and if they now learned that these debts were to be sacrificed to some wider political end, they might be seriously disaffected. In the second place, a clear avowal that she was to be pursued to her destruction might produce in Germany a desperate revolt, which even in her present state of exhaustion would be formidable to her oppressor. In the third place, the rest of the world, and particularly America and Britain, might not look on unmoved, like the French soldiers at Düsseldorf, while the nation they had disarmed was publicly battered to death.

These considerations adequately account for such restraint as M. Poincaré has thought fit to put upon his tongue. They may also serve to explain the indignation aroused by Lord Curzon's mild suggestion. But how far are they likely to baulk the French Prime Minister in the pursuit of his malignant policy? The answer to that question must depend to a considerable extent upon the skill and courage of the British Government. We regard as over-hasty the charges of futility brought against Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon, because they have not yet followed up with any action their Note to France of August 11th. Any action that could conceivably be helpful at this moment would require a far more drastic breach with France than their party or their colleagues would as yet be ready to endorse. Judging from Lord Grey's letter in Tuesday's "Times," this is not a difficulty peculiar to Conservatism. The Government did right last August to avow plainly before the world their real attitude towards the Ruhr occupation—none the less because they had not made up their minds as to their next step. Their influence depends on the development of opinion in this country, in the world as a whole, and ultimately in France herself; and for this purpose what is necessary, above all, is an unfaltering frankness, which is not willing to be silenced because it cannot be translated immediately into effective action. The disturbing feature of the Government's recent behaviour is not so much their inaction, as the signs they have given of a disposition to relapse into the make-believe of the previous four years.

LORD GREY'S LETTER TO THE "TIMES."

"The only thing that will prevent the catastrophe of another great European war is that there should be, in every case, a genuine attempt to settle disputes between nations by the just decision of an impartial authority before resort is had to force."

Thus Lord Grey in Tuesday's "Times." His text is the episode of Corfu; his pessimism is caused by the compromise with justice used to settle it; he writes with strength and feeling on the sanctity of Treaties and the need to pursue Justice with courage. "It is essential," he says, "that the representatives of the British Empire should be clear as to whether they are united in the policy of upholding the Covenant of the League . . . The future liberties of Europe depend upon regulating disputes between nations by justice and law; and upon maintaining the sanctity of treaties and thus making peace secure. That is the policy for which the League of Nations was created to be the instrument."

How does he proceed? He mentions that in the view of Great Britain, France's Ruhr policy "must postpone, if not destroy, the prospect of getting Reparations," and "will hinder, if not prevent, the restoration of Europe"; and merely concludes that, since we and France hold exactly opposite views on the Ruhr and Reparations, we must just agree to differ. In a letter which is all about Justice and Law and Treaties he forgets, it seems, the lawlessness of the one act of unprincipled force which matters above all others. Is Lord Grey entitled in such a context to omit mention of the fact that in the opinion of our highest legal authorities the occupation of the Ruhr is an act of war, and that Articles 11 and 17 of the Covenant prescribe in such cases the intervention of the League?

We hope that we misunderstand Lord Grey; for if not, the feebleness and muddleheadedness of the foreign policy he offers us must fill all Liberals with despair. If, in fact, Lord Grey is in favour of the British Government bringing the question of the Ruhr before the League, we beg him to say so. If not, is he not subordinating the cause of international legality to his desire not to quarrel with France, just as he charges others with subordinating it to their desire not to quarrel with Italy? If Lord Grey does not wish the Imperial Conference to demand the reference to the League of the great outstanding question of the hour, what other practical recommendation relating to the League has he in his mind, which would be more than words?

For, unless he means more than he says, he leads us nowhere. Although we and France hold exactly opposite views on the Ruhr and Reparations, he seems to suggest that that is no reason against our co-operating on all other questions! And his only suggestion by which "a situation that is becoming increasingly perilous may yet be saved" is that France may come to realize that the future of parliamentary government in Europe depends upon disputes between nations being regulated by justice and law! He shows not even a suspicion that France may have a definite and scarcely concealed policy for the future of Europe which is destructive of everything he cares for, that this is at the bottom of the whole diplomatic situation, and that our problem is not how to co-operate with France (for co-operation implies common aims), but how to defeat her.

J. M. KEYNES.

FIUME.

I WAS in Fiume on September 12th. It was a public holiday and the town was gay with flags in celebration of the fourth anniversary of D'Annunzio's so-called "Santa Entrada," which had been made, however, not upon an ass, as regard for precedent might have suggested, but in an armoured car. Among the day's festivities were an association football match in the afternoon, and a gala performance of "Aida" in the evening. The football match, between Padua and Gloria, a local team, was watched by a crowd of several thousands. Many young women, as well as men, were wearing black shirts and Fascist badges, and two bands played alternately. The Fascist hymn, "Giovinezza! Giovinezza! Primavera di bellezza!" was repeated several times. In the evening the theatre was packed. Before the performance began, we listened to a patriotic speech from a representative of the Commune of Milan, who had come to lay wreaths on the graves of those who had been killed in the fighting between the Italian regulars and D'Annunzio's legionaries. The orator bade his audience be of good cheer, for the end of their troubles was at hand. He read a telegram, in very guarded terms, from Mussolini, "from him who is seeking to make Italy in his own image, an embodiment of discipline, energy, and will." This drew comparatively few cheers, but a reference to the King was received with great enthusiasm, the audience rising and applauding loudly while the orchestra played the national anthem and "Giovinezza!"

But these trappings of a day could not hide the economic effects of five years' political wrangling. Machinery stands idle; many hotels and shops are shut, with paint peeling off their walls; in the port there is hardly any shipping, and employment on an average day for only about a hundred men. The railway towards Italy is working, but that towards Jugo-Slavia, which is commercially much more important, is still closed. One line on this side has been blown up; another is still intact, but is blocked by a mass of barbed wire, across which an Italian and a Jugo-Slav soldier gaze at one another. As I stood reflecting on this scene, the Italian soldier approached me and said very politely that I must not stand there long. It was a nuisance, he added apologetically, but that was the order.

The deplorable condition of the town is now the chief preoccupation of all its more responsible citizens. The Italian Press has also been full of this subject recently, and, perhaps with a view to preparing public opinion for a settlement on new lines, has been repeating in chorus that the Fiume question is, after all, less important than many others, and cannot be allowed indefinitely to paralyze Italian foreign policy in other directions. The appointment of General Giardino as Military Governor of the town followed the resignation of the previous head of the administration, Signor De Poli. The latter's letter of resignation to Signor Mussolini has been published. It speaks of the growing disillusion with which the people of Fiume have watched the repeated failures of Italian-Jugo-Slav negotiations, and of the growing distress and unemployment consequent upon the prolonged blockade of the town on its Jugo-Slav frontier. It ends with a warning that, unless a settlement is reached promptly, the town, in spite of the financial help which it has been receiving from the Italian Government, will be completely at the end of its resources, and that an outbreak of anarchy and violence is to be feared. In a conversation which I had with one of the administrative chiefs I was told

much the same story. He added that Italy would gladly make great commercial concessions to Jugo-Slavia, provided that the population of Fiume were assured of living under an Italian régime. If this be true, a solution should be within reach.

I have discussed the question with a number of Jugo-Slavs, including a well-known Croatian politician, who speaks with special authority on this subject. They fear that Italy, if left in control of Fiume, would strangle Croatian trade, which, owing to the lack of railways in Dalmatia, has no other good outlet to the sea. They fear also that Italy at Fiume would "dominate the Adriatic." This fear is political rather than economic, and is apt to lack precision. I found also much bitterness against Italy and mistrust of her good faith, and a feeling that they had already made too great concessions to Italian territorial claims. I found Italians saying exactly the same things against Jugo-Slavia. This bad blood on both sides will only be dispersed by practical experience of a reasonable settlement.

It is important to distinguish clearly between the question of trade and the question of "sovereignty." The economic requirements of Jugo-Slavia would be adequately safeguarded by making Fiume a free port and vesting its administration in a Commission, on which Italy and Jugo-Slavia had equal representation. (If Hungarian representatives also could be brought in, so much the better.) On grounds of practical convenience it is clear that Port Barros, which is merely the eastern end of the port of Fiume, should come under this Commission. So, too, should the Delta, a small triangular piece of land, adjacent to Port Barros and bounded by the river Eneo on the east, and the Fiumara Canal on the west, and used, under normal conditions, as a dump for Croatian timber awaiting shipment. I was told in Fiume that the Italians had already offered a settlement on these lines, but that the Jugo-Slavs had refused it. If this be true, the Italians have missed an opportunity of influencing public opinion in their favour by not publishing their offer. It is worth remarking that in the somewhat analogous case of Zara the Italians have already established a free port, outside the sphere of their own tariff, though the town itself is Italian territory. Zara is the only town on the Adriatic where, on landing from a steamer, the visitor does not make the acquaintance of customs officers.

As regards the political side of the question, the plain facts are these. The narrow stream of the Eneo divides Fiume on the west from Sushak on the east. Both by language and political sympathy Fiume is an Italian and Sushak a Jugo-Slav town. Recent events have accentuated these characteristics, for no Jugo-Slav would willingly live in Fiume under present conditions, and no Italian in Sushak. Mutual intolerance has neatly sorted the sheep from the goats. *De jure*, no less than *de facto*, Sushak is Jugo-Slav territory and should remain so. *De jure* Fiume is, under the Treaty of Rapallo, a "Free State," but *de facto* it is, and was before General Giardino's appointment, garrisoned by Italian regular troops, policed by Italian carabinieri, and administered by Italians under the title of the "Regency of the Carnaro," a relic of D'Annunzio's régime. Italian currency is used, and the town is only kept alive at all by subsidies (nominally loans) from the Italian Government. The only visible suggestion of a Free State is a separate issue of Fiuman postage stamps, with face values in Italian lire and centesimi. I do not believe that a completely independent Free State, as contemplated by the Treaty of Rapallo, is a workable proposition, especially if, as the Jugo-Slavs claim, Port

Barros and the Delta are not to form part of it. For not only could such a Free State ill afford to pay for consular and diplomatic representation abroad, or even for its own administrative machinery, but it would start heavily in debt and with five years' dilapidations to make good. To balance its budget at the start, it would need to tax trade so heavily that the port would be ruined. Nor does there seem to be any real desire for such a Free State either in Italy or Jugo-Slavia, except as an alternative to "annexation" by the other party.

In my view the best solution would be to abandon the project of a Free State altogether, and, subject to the arrangements already suggested for the port, to recognize Italian sovereignty over the town and port of Fiume, and over a narrow "corridor" along the three or four miles of coast separating it from the present Italian frontier, and to recognize Jugo-Slav sovereignty over Port Barros and the Delta, and also over the hinterland of the town. Italy should take over Fiume's debts and not charge them against the revenues of the port. But, to induce Jugo-Slavia to agree to such a revision of the Treaty of Rapallo, Italy must obviously offer something more. Several kinds of inducement are possible here, the most obvious being a rectification of frontier in favour of Jugo-Slavia in the neighbourhood of Idria or Postumia. The population affected is solidly Slovene, and the present frontier probably allows Italy a very generous margin of "military security." If the Press is to be believed, there seems to be hope of a settlement on the above lines. But wild men are still active in both camps, and it may yet tax all the powers of statesmanship to hold them back.

HUGH DALTON.

"WELL, LET IT GO TO PIECES."

IF we are to take the letter of Mr. Clinton W. Gilbert of Washington, published in the last issue of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, as representing the general current of American opinion on the subject raised in my article of July 28th, entitled "Waiting for America," it is clear that we shall wait in vain. That it represents a great deal of American opinion does not admit of doubt. The same point of view has been put forward in several journalistic criticisms of my article which have appeared in the United States; but, as I shall indicate later, there is another powerful current of opinion running in the opposite direction, and popular feeling in America, as elsewhere—perhaps in America more than elsewhere—is subject to such changes of mood that it would be a mistake to assume that Mr. Gilbert has said the last word on the subject.

If I return to that subject now I do not do so in order to prolong the arid discussion of whether America has played a worthy or an unworthy part since the Treaty of Peace was signed at Versailles in 1919. But, in view of Mr. Gilbert's presentation of the case, it is necessary to state briefly how that part presents itself to us on this side of the Atlantic. America, as Mr. Gilbert says, entered the war reluctantly, not "to save civilization," but for the usual motive of preserving her self-respect and "defending her national honour." Whatever the motive, she abandoned in doing so the tradition of isolation which had kept her out of the orbit of European complications since the foundation of the Republic. Her President, whom we assumed to speak with some authority on behalf of the nation that had elected him, did not disclaim a moral or disinterested purpose in making that breach with the historic policy of his country. He regarded the war as the culmination

of a system of competitive armaments that made the ordered existence, not of Europe only but of the whole world, henceforth impossible. He had stayed out of the conflict as long as the interests of his own country permitted him to do so; and having been drawn into it as a national necessity, he regarded himself and his country as committed not only to see it through to a successful issue, but to help to establish a peace that would make the world society secure against a recurrence of the catastrophe. He laid down through the concluding eighteen months of the war the principles upon which such a peace should be based, and when the end came, it came on the conditions which he had defined. In all this there was no reason to suppose that he was not speaking the considered mind of his people, or that the authority of the head of the State would be repudiated.

The work of destruction accomplished, he went to Paris as the official voice of the nation to take part in the constructive task for which the destructive work was only the preparation. He was out-maneuvred at a game at which he was a 'prentice hand by the more supple and skilful minds of European diplomacy, and the Peace Treaty was the tragic result. But when later he was repudiated by his country, he was repudiated, not because of the iniquities of the Peace Treaty, but because of the Covenant of the League of Nations, which embodied the hope of redeeming those iniquities, which had been the main theme of his war oratory, and which had been accepted by the world as representing the mind and purpose of America in coming into the war. In a word, America had thrown over her tradition of isolation in one mood and had reverted to that tradition in another mood, without regard to the obligations she had incurred or the hopes she had awakened. "If we cannot restore Europe without sacrificing our national interest, which we conceive to be isolation, let no one suppose that America will act," says Mr. Gilbert. It was unfortunate that America did not think of this in 1917. It was unfortunate that she came into the war if she had no intention of helping to establish the peace.

But enough of the past. It is with the future that we are now concerned, and with which Mr. Gilbert chiefly deals. He is quite clear on that subject. America has had enough of Europe, and has no intention of "catching the contagion of which Europe may be dying." In the vast interior of the country the remark that "Europe is going to pieces" receives the invariable and calm reply, "Well, let it go to pieces." What does it matter? Civilization will "worry along for a while in the United States." If Europe goes under, "the world will get on somehow, as it did when Greece, Rome, mediæval Italy, Spain, ceased to be centres of power and civilization."

It would be unjust to America to assume that this coarse indifferentism represents the best mind of the nation. There is abundant evidence to the contrary, as anyone who studies the American Press or has much personal intercourse with Americans knows. The letter from the "New York Evening Post" of September 20th, which I append in a footnote,* represents

much that is permanent in the American spirit, and there is in addition a widespread understanding, especially among the financial and commercial classes, that Europe is no less important to America than America is to Europe. But, while there is undoubtedly this more instructed element in the nation, it is palpable that in the present mood of the country the "Well, let it go to pieces" doctrine is dominant, and that until that mood changes, we have little to expect from America. That it will change I cannot doubt, not because I believe that the moral or disinterested motive always ultimately prevails in American affairs, but because material necessities will compel it to change.

The present temper is founded on a misunderstanding of what Europe expects from America, and on a misreading of events. The misunderstanding prevails even amongst those who most sincerely desire to help, and who are most disheartened at American impotence. It may be illustrated by a passage from a letter from one of the most distinguished and most liberal American jurists, which I have received *apropos* of the article in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM. He says:—

"It is time for you to come here again and study us at close range. You would then be less confident in your appeals either to our disinterestedness or our capacity to 'bring appeasement to Europe.' We are woefully inadequate to our home problems and distinctly illiberal in our present outlook. Besides, when next you ask the U.S. to assume new burdens take a look at Gardiner's 'Harcourt' *passim* as to the amount of load any one nation can carry. Yes, I know the world is 'interdependent.' But there must be specialization of function, differentiation of tasks, and—some things Europe had better make up its mind it must carry without us."

What are the burdens which America is asked to assume as her contribution to the restoration of Europe? I do not know of them. We ask nothing from her except her moral support for the American scheme of substituting the authority of law for the authority of force in the affairs of Europe. That does not mean the imposition of material burdens on America. On the contrary, it means the removal of the threat of future burdens. For it is a clear misreading of the events of the past nine years to suppose that the United States can cut themselves off from the rest of the world and live a hermit life on the other side of the Atlantic, indifferent, like the gods of old, to the agonies and tumults of a remote and dying world—

"But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong."

That is an impossible rôle. The "Well, let it go to pieces" idea is untenable even on Mr. Gilbert's own tradesman's philosophy. He denies that America came into the war for any disinterested motive. She came into the war because she could not stay out, because her national interests and her national "honour" were involved. She found that she could not be a recluse in

* "DAMNED WELL OUT OF IT."
To the Editor of the "New York Evening Post."

SIR.—"Damned well out of it" is the comment ascribed by the newspapers to Ambassador Harvey in the course of a brief interview on the Græco-Italian situation. He is particularly pleased to stress the reflection that the United States long ago disclaimed any responsibility for the European muddle, and is now reaping the due reward of foresightedness.

"Damned well out of it" is a trenchant phrase, and naturally Mr. Harvey believes that the utterance is entirely original with him. Not so, however. Here is a distinct case of unconscious mental celebration, for some two thousand years ago a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment and wounded him and departed, leaving him half-dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. (And, as he went, he doubtless murmured into his beard: "Damned well out of it.") And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place,

came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. (And as he goes we can hear him echoing the now familiar sentiment: "Damned well out of it.")

Nearly twenty centuries have passed away, and the poor, painted shades of priest and Levite have long since vanished into the limbo of departed spirits—damned well out of it. But the radiant presence of the Good Samaritan, clothed with its glorious heritage of eternal life, abides with us for ever.

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?" asked Jesus.

"He that showed mercy on him," was the reply of the lawyer.

Then said Jesus unto him: "Go and do likewise."

To show mercy, then, would seem to be the only possible course of action for the individual who would save his soul alive. But Messrs. Harvey, Lodge, Moses, Brandegee, Hiram Johnson, et al. would have us believe that a nation may attain its inheritance of eternal life by merely keeping "damned well out of it."

Morristown, N.J., September 15th.

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

a world which modern conditions had woven into a seamless garment of economic and political interests.

That imperious consideration will operate as infallibly in the future as it did in 1917. America may think that European civilization is of small consequence, and that she herself can "worry along without it"; but whatever happens to European civilization, Europe itself will remain, civilized or barbarous, to perplex and disturb the world. It is much too large a system to leave as a derelict upon the face of the waters, and it requires no prophetic gift to foresee, perhaps ten years hence, perhaps fifty years hence, a new crisis in its affairs which will make short work of the antiquated dream of isolation, and will bring America once more tumultuously into the fray. Then, indeed, she will have reason to complain of the "burdens" which the European bear-garden inflicts on her; and reason, also, to anathematize the "Well, let it go to pieces" folly which makes her so uninspiring a spectacle in the world to-day.

A. G. G.

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY.

A NEW report on the teaching of history in secondary schools has been issued by the Board of Education.* The Committee who produced it have concerned themselves chiefly with the developments that have taken place since 1908, the year in which the last recommendations of the Board were published in the form of Circular 599.

The period of fifteen years which comes under this survey has, one gathers, been fruitful in progress. There is, indeed, a tone of modest triumph right through the Report. Looking back to Circular 599, the Committee speak cheerfully of teachers "better read in history," of school libraries "far better equipped," of "greater care in organizing the subject as a whole," of "a great increase in the interest taken in the subject, a desire to improve both method and results." It is true that we are told of one or two prevalent defects, such as the insufficient planning of the lessons on the part of the teacher and the neglect of dates and accuracy in fact on the part of the pupil; but on the whole we feel an atmosphere of optimism around us, and a security that, thanks to the absence of Preliminary and Junior Examinations, the institution of Advanced Courses, and Circular 599, all is well with the teaching of history.

It is a pleasing thought; and no doubt there is much to justify it in the actual school world. But there are many teachers of history who, after reading the Report, will be unable to resist the disappointing conclusion that it misses the real revolution that has begun—or rather, seeing the new method, underestimates its importance and does not recognize that we have here not merely a new method but a revolution indeed.

The revolution we mean is one which has already taken place in the teaching of most subjects; its importance will be most readily seen if we take, as an example, science. There was a time in the teaching of science when the pupils' work consisted entirely in learning a text-book and listening to lectures, with the occasional observation of an experiment performed by the teacher. To-day, pupils still use text-books, hear lectures, and watch experiments by the teacher, and yet the study of science in schools has been revolutionized. It has been revolutionized by the introduction of laboratory work, and by the recognition that a real,

living apprehension of science and scientific method can only be acquired by personal observation and investigation into the ways of Nature. What is true of science is true of history. The subject-matter of history is the past, and the study and comprehension of history must depend on the personal examination of those relics of the past on which our ideas of past events, persons, and conditions are based. Contemporary documents, churches and castles, collections of weapons, vases, works of art, are not, as so many seem to think, merely devices for securing a more lively interest in a subject with a dangerous tendency to bore, but the real material from which history has arisen, and the only material from which anyone can learn what the historical spirit is.

It is not, of course, to be assumed from this that the use of such material is the only thing in the teaching of history. Text-books and lectures have their place. In making wide generalizations, in rapidly surveying long periods, in suggesting possible trains of thought—in these and many other directions books and lectures may be of inestimable importance. In subjects, too, such as the English Civil War, where the documents might conceivably be made the basis of study, we shall almost inevitably find it necessary, from the very excess of material, to limit their use to intensive work on a few points and to cover most of the ground lightly and with the help of intermediaries. Much teaching, both oral and from text-books, must, too, most certainly be given to the younger pupils. Some, no doubt, will suggest that the method, however it may work in the higher classes, is totally unfit for small children—yet small children can read Froissart, visit the Tower of London, and compare long-bows and cross-bows in contemporary drawings and museums. In short, in the teaching of history, as in the teaching of science, text-books and lectures must be retained, but kept strictly in an ancillary position. Nor does this mean, even, that more actual time should be given to the study of what the schools call "Sources" than to anything else. The proportion of time must depend, amongst other things, on the age of the pupil and the particular topic under consideration. Children of ten can spend less time usefully on a contemporary document than pupils of sixteen; the Norman castle can be studied almost entirely from the thing itself, the Holy Roman Empire must be studied, in school, almost entirely from what historians say of it. But whether much or little time is spent upon the actual record of the past, it is essential that the teacher should realize clearly that here lies the importance of the subject, and the pupil should be led to understand that history can only be found by the faithful and imaginative interpretation of what the past has left us.

It is when viewed from this angle that the study of local history acquires its value. The actual site of the battlefield can be examined and from it the tactics considered, the boundaries of the Manor can be laid down and the development of enclosures traced, the Roman road can be explored and the question of transport discussed. Here, moreover, the child can be helped most easily to make the vital link between the present and the past—to see, in concrete form, continuity, evolution, change, contrast, resemblance. For this effect on the young mind, for the direct contact with the past, and for the effort to reason and judge personally on what has been personally perceived, is the study of history to be valued. For this the study of local history is of especial use, and not, as the Report seems to imply, because it would be a terrible thing if "the scholars could give no account of the origin or history of their most noted buildings or of any event with which the place is connected in history."

* "The Teaching of History." Board of Education Educational Pamphlets, No. 37. (6d.)

This modern conception of the teaching of history has arisen, or at any rate begun to make itself felt in schools, in the course of the fifteen years under review in the new Report. The attitude of officials to new ideas is notorious, and should never surprise us—it would be interesting to see if, fifteen years after the beginnings of the intelligent science teaching of which we have spoken, Inspectors of the Board wrote of it in these words:—

"Another point on the credit side, almost entirely new since the last Circular, is the use of the so-called 'Laboratory Work' to stimulate intellectual curiosity on the part of the pupils and for illustration by the teacher . . . this recent development of the last few years . . . must be counted to the good, though its value may be set too high."

And again:—

"We feel somewhat sceptical as to the value of what is called 'work in the laboratory' in the case of junior classes. Here the main object must be the arousing of an initial interest in the subject and the accumulation of the necessary facts."

Substitute "Source Books" in the first quotation and "work on original sources" in the second, and you will have the words of the Committee on the Teaching of History in 1923. Their report is full of enlightened ideas, pregnant suggestions, and able criticism; it seems, too, as if the teaching they have seen is turning more and more to the right path. But they have not realized it; the significance of the changing direction has eluded them—what to us is the only real teaching of history possible is to them an obscure detail of method.

MARJORIE STRACHEY.

LIFE AND POLITICS

In a pathetic letter to the "Times" of Wednesday last, Sir Herbert Stephen laments "the action of this country in spending I know not how many hundreds of thousands yearly on such unedifying entertainment" as that provided by the League of Nations. It happens that the League's budget for the coming year has just been settled at Geneva, and that this country's share of the expense amounts to £91,333. Hardly an exorbitant sum for the one organized attempt to secure peace in a world which does not shrink from spending hundreds of millions on preparations for war.

COLONEL F. E. FREMANTLE, M.P., in a letter to the "Times" last Saturday, deploring the decline in the birth-rate, asserted that "every infant born has a net average value to the State of some hundreds of pounds." Perhaps the best comment upon this statement is provided by another paragraph in the same issue of the paper:—

"OVERCROWDING AT CANNING TOWN.

"Dr. C. Sanders, Medical Officer of Health for West Ham, prosecuting at West Ham Police Court in a case of overcrowding at Carlton Street, Canning Town, said that the occupier of the house—which was of four rooms and a scullery—slept in one room with his wife and three children; in a second room four daughters slept; and in a third room were four sons. The fourth room he let to another married couple, who had five children under ten years of age. Mr. Joseph Sharpe made orders to abate the nuisances complained of within a month."

"To abate the nuisances"! It is as devastating a phrase as "Wragg is in custody," which Matthew Arnold once employed to confute ignorant complacency.

If the criterion of an educational institution's health is to be found in the volume and vigour of the discussions carried on between its members, then the late Oscar Browning may well be regarded by Cambridge as one of the most salutary influences in the whole of her history. For something like half a century, O. B. probably talked more himself, and certainly occasioned more talk in others, than any man outside the class of professional politicians. His activities were incessant and multifarious, and never lacked a chronicler. There were few new movements which he did not help to promote; there were few notable societies of which he was not at some time an official, and in no case was his tenure of office a period of stagnation. The complexities of his character, the audacities of his expression, and the spontaneity of his actions were such that controversy flamed up about his steps wherever he trod, and the fires continued to burn long after he had passed on. A great crop of legend gathered around his name, a mythological mass equalling in extent and surpassing in variety the Balliol Book of Jowett himself. This legendary material it will be worth some one's while some day to collect and edit. Most of the stories are good; nearly all are true, in essence, if not in fact; taken together they portray a unique personality and illustrate an epoch already so antiquated as to be almost on the verge of a revival.

INTELLECTUALLY, Oscar Browning was a Liberal of the type of Mill; by temperament, he was a Radical of the watch-dog school of Cobbett; at heart, he was a lover of his kind without respect to class, creed, or colour. Possessed of these views and endowed with this disposition, he was placed by Fate's fine sense of humour in the midst of the two societies which, at that date, were most antipathetic to everything he held most dear. In the atmosphere of Eton under Hornby and King's under Okes, only the hardest Liberalism could survive. O. B.'s Liberalism stood the test and was all the stronger for the ordeal; it was at once a reasoned conviction and a religious faith, commanding the assent of his intellect and inspiring his emotional enthusiasm. In all places and at all seasons, he was eager to proclaim, define, and defend the faith that was in him, and he judged the personalities and processes of politics by the touchstone of Liberal principles. In Napoleon, he loved the ruler who opened the career to talent; in Byron, he admired the poet who freed the individual from the fetters of tradition; in the British Empire, he hailed the evolution of a Confederacy of free States pledged to peace. Spirited foreign policies, adventures like the Boer War, were an abomination to him, a dastardly betrayal of all that was best in the spirit of his own liberal England. The ardent friend of small nations, the champion of all oppressed peoples, he was a Home Ruler before Gladstone, and, in and out of season, proclaimed his faith where to support the Home Rule Bill was tantamount to a confession of high treason. His admired friend, Sir John Seeley, wrote to renounce the friendship of all who supported Gladstone in 1885: the "Saturday Review" declared that those who differed from it on other matters might be entitled to their opinions, but in the matter of Home Rule no one was entitled to any other than the Unionist view: such persons were not fools, but malefactors, and it was the duty of all honest publicists to hound them out of society. Such an environment called out all the fighting spirit of the born Radical, and doubtless O. B. enjoyed the fray; but it took some courage to continue the fight against such odds for so many years: and those who came

after him and dared to advocate the heterodox cause in the strongholds of orthodoxy, should not forget that their path has been made smoother by the pioneer work, the strife and struggles and unpopularity of O. B.

ONE of the speakers at the Church Congress tells me that the audiences showed a marked desire for enlightenment on social questions. The history of the Church Congress is indicative of a continuous and subtle change. Twenty years ago it was a battle-ground of angry controversies. Ten years ago it was a platform for smart sayings which were quoted as clever retorts from the stalwarts against those dreadful persons who dared to suggest the disestablishment of the Welsh Church.—“You cannot rob God without being collared (applause).” To-day the mentality is more humbled, more receptive, more anxious as to the ineffectivity of the spiritual voice, more distressed as to a world where the dumb peoples are being driven hither and thither, now by the Bolshevik, now by the Fascisti. So the mood is one of desire for construction. Those who heard Lord Hugh Cecil's speech will never forget the strain of eager attention with which it was received. The gathering of parsons and lay people had no doubt of the need of a League of Nations. The one, poor, angry protest which was made from the platform in favour of a dominant England was received at first with a chill and then with

shouts of indignation. Lastly, there was no humour at the Congress. It was gravity itself. The mood of gravity was upon speakers and audiences.

WHILE many a professed man of letters has spent his life striving in vain to achieve the enduring phrase, the humblest letter-writer, pouring out the fullness of his heart, may stumble on it by accident. Such was the fortune of Mr. John Scott, public secretary to Nelson, when he wrote to his wife the letter which appeared in the “Times” on the 165th anniversary of Nelson's birth. Scott, good man, was chiefly concerned with relieving his Charlotte's anxiety as to his personal comfort, and his pleasant picture of life on board the “Victory” is, for the most part, quite undistinguished; but suddenly he breaks out in two imperishable sentences: “His Lordship is not a Shore Man, and never wishes to go out of the ship. There is something peculiar to himself in making everyone happy.” This is the real “Nelson Touch.” Amazing as was his genius and his grasp of technical detail, the public instinct is right in fastening first of all on the single-minded devotion to his profession that rendered him unhappy out of his ship, and the power of sympathy that gave him command of a “Band of Brothers.” Many have written well of Nelson, but no one has packed more of the truth into a few words than John Scott.

OMICRON.

THE GOLFER'S FEELINGS

By BERNARD DARWIN.

IN his pleasant article on “Games” of some little while ago, Professor Pigou said that at golf “a million men have become angry, but no man yet has ever become hot or out of breath.”

This is essentially true. It would be but a poor quibble to point out that anyone who plays golf on a summer's day in America, even in the “white clothes” admired by Professor Pigou, finds himself more than hot enough and is very glad of a shower-bath afterwards. The heat of golf is not the swift and splendid heat of running games; it is a slow, grilling heat, and produces something of what I imagine to have been the sensations of those tortured over a slow fire. It is not fair to urge this as a reproach against a game which was never intended to be played on a midsummer day, but under cool, grey skies. Nevertheless, it is, I think, rather typical of the mental agonies that can be produced by golf. Golf is a grilling game.

It is given to comparatively few people to play more than one game seriously, if one may use that word to convey the general atmosphere of a match at which there are spectators and reporters and some little show of glory to be gained, and it matters, or is thought to matter, a good deal who wins. One knows at first hand the emotions produced in such circumstances by one's own particular game, and can only guess at those produced by other people's.

Guessing, therefore, as best I can, I should say that golf has no moment of agony so poignant as that in which the batsman comes out to begin his innings, looking such a forlorn, solitary little speck. He has carefully put on those elaborate pads and gloves, and gone that long, long walk out from the pavilion—it may be for nothing but to walk back again after one crowded minute of inglorious life. There may be no second chance. One bad stroke or one good ball may destroy him once and for all, and he knows that his enemies in the stands are waiting to howl over him like hungry wolves. In golf it

is regarded as decent to applaud the feats of one's own hero, but indecent to rejoice overtly over the failures of the adversary. There is no such softness in cricket. With what a horrid air of triumph is the ball thrown high in the air by the man who has caught it, even if he does not, as in “Tom Brown's Schooldays,” pitch it playfully on the back of the departing batsman!

The beginning of no golf match can be as bad as this. The player may feel sick with misery; the spectators closing in around him may be worse than the vague, black masses in far-away stands; he can hear what they say and they can see the very twitchings of his nerves, but he knows that the worst shot that ever was hit can but lose him a single hole. There are many other chances coming. That is a comforting reflection, as far as he is capable of reflecting. On the other hand, his agony never quite passes. He has such terribly ample opportunities for thought. There is not, in the golfer's case, any sensation quite analogous to that of the cricketer getting his eye in. True, he feels after a hole or two, if things are going tolerably well, more supple and more confident, but he can still go on thinking, thinking. He can play all the remaining fifteen holes in his head in the walk from the third tee to the place to which he has driven his ball. The cricketer dies once, but the golfer dies many times. He has many chances, truly, and as many times can he hurl them away. He itches with the desire to kick himself over them, not merely when the worst has happened, but all the time it is in process of happening. It is so supremely important to stop the rot, and he knows it, and he cannot do it. These tragedies of lost chances belong, of course, to other games also. What of the wretched fieldsman who drops a catch from a batsman who goes on to make a hundred? He has time and to spare for remorse. Or there is the lawn-tennis player who missed the easy smash, with the whole court to hit into, when he led at 5—2, and now the score is five all. Or the three-

quarter who passed forward when there was only the full-back in the way, gaping and hopeless, and a trusty comrade ready to receive the ball and romp across the line. But in these last two cases swift movement presumably produces something of a merciful anæsthesia. The golfer must anæsthetize himself; he must make himself forget. If he can do it he has mastered one of the essential virtues of the great match-player.

Those who suffer thus acutely have their compensations. They are sometimes, as Jos Sedley believed himself to be, "very terrible when they're roused." If they can master themselves before it is too late and set out in pursuit, they are apt to be more dangerous pursuers than are persons of a more tranquil temperament. And there is no sensation so grimly enjoyable as that of counting the holes as they come back one by one, of knowing that the other man is weakening, that his highest hopes are of just lasting out. To me J. H. Taylor is the most magnetic of all golfers, because he has so much that is boiling within him to repress, and represses it so nobly, making of his too poetic temperament a source not of weakness, but of strength. To see Taylor, when things have been going very wrong and have now begun to go right, in cold anger start after his man with set teeth is a spectacle to which the word "terrible" may fairly be applied. Here is the relentless hunter after the flying quarry, and he will chase him, with never a slip, till he drops. Mr. John Ball, too, is a man greatly to be feared in pursuit. He seems sometimes positively to drop behind at the start in order that he may play the infinitely perilous game of cat and mouse; but he is not quite so exciting as Taylor, because he wears a more stolid mask. You may guess at what is passing through his mind, but you will never read it.

Whatever the game, to feel a winning lead dwindling away probably calls for a stiffer upper lip than any other situation. We may see a panic terror attack a whole eleven at cricket, so that they tumble out one after the other with but an insignificant number of runs wanted to win. Then is the time for one cast in an heroic mould to run to the wicket without pads, as did S. M. J. Woods in the University match of 1891, and lash the ball to the boundary. In golf it is the time to spurn halves and go out to win the holes. But it needs on occasions a hero to do it. There is no golfer alive who has not once at least "cracked" at such a moment. And, I suppose, because we have all suffered, our joy in the man who makes the spurt is often swallowed up in sympathy for him who is being caught. It is almost too cruel; and to see four up and five to play lose the match is like going to see a man hanged.

MR. NEVINSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"At all events," Mr. Nevinson suddenly bursts out in the middle of his *Autobiography*,* "I can say, 'I have lived.' I have seen much, suffered much, known many noble characters, and in the affairs of this actual, though transitory world, have been given the opportunity of playing some part." To the writer, this "living" is of all importance; the record of it, an entirely secondary consideration. Fortunately, he can be counted among the rare men of action who have cared only for action, but who have yet possessed the power of presenting their experience in permanent form. Under the guise of journalism or the ephemeral record of personal events, of adventure wherever adventure can be found, he has

been able to write with the peculiar delicacy and grace of style which gives his production a permanent value.

And here with candour, good-temper, and insight, seeing the facts of life without illusions and with a large humanity and kindness towards the sorely tried family of mankind, he is recounting his experiences of pilgrimage through an astonishing world.

Long ago he gave the verdict that to set two bulgy, middle-aged gentlemen on a pavement where one stood before, seems a poor end to civilization and all its labours. All his days he has been out against the "bulgy, middle-aged gentleman"—the ratepayer, the stockbroker, the manufacturer, the good citizen. His simple creed has been that all change is good. He has always been on the side of "the under-dog"—the smaller nations when at warfare with greater, the (so-called) weaker sex against the stronger, and everywhere the champion of the poor. He confesses here that he adopted the motto of Carlyle's *Teufelsdröckh*, "The cause of the poor, in God's name and the devil's!" "The workers are always right!" and "the workers right or wrong!" which I proclaimed as maxims amid general disapproval during the great coal strike of 1893, have remained for me as useful guides, during all the subsequent controversies, strikes, and social disturbances." To this passionate devotion to all causes regarded as lost by the good citizen and ratepayer, and especially to the welfare of those whose misery and minished life only occasionally disturb the comfort of the men who have inherited or retained, Mr. Nevinson, as he here confesses, added early in his career another guiding faith: "abhorrence of the State and all its detestable enormities." It is queer to realize that he once called himself a Socialist. But his summary to-day is that "a State-regulated life is as hateful as a State-regulated vice." When the whole world has surrendered to the benignant Bureaucracy, Mr. Nevinson will still be found denouncing its theory and defying conformity to its practice, a triumphant "Anarchist" to the end.

It is interesting to find this man, in the account of his origins, springing in some strange fashion from the most conventional and respectable of all classes: a prosperous English Evangelical household; a public school; a College at Oxford; inclinations towards Holy Orders; a search through metaphysics in Germany and elsewhere for the attainment of the knowledge of God, and for a faith by which a man can live. He did not find God in Germany; but he taught the youth of Jena "the habits and customs of boats and balls"; creating thereby no small sensation. Later he was to abandon such quest as fruitless, and to substitute for it a crusade for the betterment of mankind which, though fiercely desirous of bringing happiness and a "glowing intensity of life" to a bewildered and harassed humanity, had been freed from all illusions which sought in humanity an object of worship, and was continually astonished at the cruelty of man to man.

The start was at Leicester—not exactly "in Arcadia"; in those Midlands which Mr. Belloc has branded as "sodden and unkind." The up-bringing is of Family Prayers, the rigorous Puritan tradition with its hatred of beauty, in the house of a grandfather whose chief obsessions were the Pope of Rome and Mr. Gladstone. Beauty, indeed, first came through Shelley and Shrewsbury School, with the vision of the hills, at which, he confesses, he always felt a leap at the heart; and in the combination of river, mountain, and valley, of which he writes in remembrance to-day with an appealing eloquence and charm. When a child, he confesses to a "longing for the wilderness rather than for solitude"; and there is the prophecy of his mother—"I know you'll be a hermit and live among the rocks." He has never been a hermit so long as he has been able to find company

* "Changes and Chances." By Henry W. Nevinson. (Nisbet. 15s.)

(like Whitman) "with all adventurous and daring persons"; and only in solitude when in presence of the conventional crowd of men who have made what the world calls "a success" of their lives.

The first part of his career is spent in "seeking." Those who have the pleasure of his friendship in later time, when he could gaze with fortitude upon the changes and chances of mortal life, and (in a famous phrase) "looked like one who pitied the people," will be surprised at the revelation of the desperate paths which he had to traverse before this tranquillity was attained.

At Oxford he was oppressed by a shyness which ruined the greater part of his University career, and was only removed at the end through a strong personal friendship. Later, in time passed at the East End of London, there is a period of such prolonged misery and despair as nearly resulted in the deliberate ending of it all. He tells of a perpetual black cloud of wretchedness, of solitary night-walks, of a hatred of London and all its people, of nights when he is "nearly insane" with physical disease and mental depression about his way of life. "I am sinking," is the confession from his contemporary diary, "sinking down to Hell, and there is no one to help me." The record is as that of the young Carlyle or Mazzini; and he emerged from it as Carlyle and Mazzini emerged, with the affirmation of "the everlasting Yea," or dedication to "the Service of Man." From the beginning of his exploration of strange and violent life, in the Thirty Days' War in Greece in which he acted partly as correspondent and partly as combatant, through the horrors of the Ladysmith siege, and afterwards in Ireland (that "holy and unquiet land"), in the Balkans, in India, in the Russian Revolution, in Angola and the Slave Cocoa Islands, and in experience of the Great War, as well as in many other crusades here at home, he was able to "raze out the written troubles of the brain."

He was continuously racked by rheumatism and malaria, and queer, tormenting tropical diseases, acquired in the course of the great adventure. He was tortured also by the ingenious activity of his fellow-creatures—by the planters who attempted to poison him in West Africa because he was impeding them in their tranquil acquisition of riches, by the swarms who attempted to tear him to pieces when he attended pro-Boer meetings, or throw him out of the Albert Hall and other meeting-places for his advocacy of Woman Suffrage. His general attitude towards life was alien to that of those with whom he was in most fundamental sympathy. He had advocated the formation of a citizens' conscripted army of all classes in order to do away with class divisions, and give dignity and a sense of independence to the poor. For many years he actively maintained a body of military cadets in East London. He confesses that before 1914 he had no conception of or interest in a world in which there should be no more war. He loved the battle and the fighting men and "the sword's high irresistible song." When the world fell to pieces, though far over military age, he sought eagerly to enlist in the new British Army. In this fascinating volume he tells without reticence and without fear the story of this amazing career. He has been everywhere and known everybody, and has something kindly to say about all his fellow-pilgrims, with one or two exceptions who have violated the tradition of loyalty whose destruction he regards as an unforgivable sin.

It is curious that of all the men he has met, politicians, philosophers, soldiers, editors, correspondents, and men of renown in art, literature or social service, he puts at the highest two clergymen whose greatness has never been sufficiently acknowledged. The one was Canon Scott Holland, for Inspiration; looking "like a humorous monkey, but a monkey that had unexpectedly

acquired a soul." "I suppose," says Mr. Nevinson, "the most inspiring personality I have ever known." The other was Canon Barnett, for Wisdom; of whom "many of us," he declares, "could say that we made him our pattern to live and to die, though we did so without the smallest success." Here is only the first section of a Life, much of whose interest is outside the limits laid down, whose record will be included in a subsequent volume. But it is good to think, as we read of one lost cause and another of which Mr. Nevinson made himself the champion, that in the main he has seen of the travail of his soul and may be satisfied—that each lost cause became a winning cause, and those who, in famous boast, "lit but a little candle in the darkness," lived to see "the whole sky aflame." He wrote to his chief colleague and friend Mr. Massingham, "Whether the battle has been for the poor, the prisoner, and the subjugated, or whether it has been for the just, the pioneers of enlightenment, and rebels of glorious fame—wherever you found ranged against you the heavy battalions on whose side the Prince of Darkness always stands—in all those years you have hardly fought for a single cause in which the victory is not already yours." Mr. Nevinson could prove his apostleship, not by the laying on of hands, but, like St. Paul, by proud record of service and sacrifice—"in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness"—by so searching a test vindicated as "a good soldier in the warfare of Humanity."

C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

CREAKING SARAH AND LAUGHING SAL.

LIKE a doll which the manipulator has laid on one side to await its turn in the squalid puppet show to which it belongs, Creaking Sarah lay stiffly across a bench in the public park; whilst Laughing Sal danced with uncouth, wide-flung movements on the pathway in front of her, snapping her fingers in a vain attempt to gain Creaking Sarah's attention and applause.

Creaking Sarah never paid attention to anything or anybody that moved. The dull mirrors of her fixed, unblinking eyes reflected passing objects as a muddy pool in a road may catch the shadow of a distant, winging bird, but conveyed no more to the stagnant brain behind them than a clock-face conveys to the wheels which move the pointing fingers' round it. Creaking Sarah was conscious of only one thing in the world—the bony framework of her body, which was so inadequately hidden by its grotesque and sordid mask of flesh.

From the time they were first formed within the yielding darkness of her mother's womb, Creaking Sarah's bones had been governed by one single instinct—the desire to stretch themselves out as they would ultimately lie, rigid, and divested of their useless flesh, in the dark, unyielding earth.

On the day she was born, Creaking Sarah had been laid, a silent, stiff, and angular baby, in the rough wooden sugar-box which was to serve her as cradle; and in every clumsy joint was hidden the knowledge that as it was at the beginning of life, so it would be at the end; that life for her was but a spasmodic disarrangement of wires along a jerking pathway between two boxes. No passing mood, no change of time or season ever disturbed the meaningless quiescence of Creaking Sarah. For her the days and the nights were but the bones, and the gaps between the bones, of the corpse of time which lay rotting in corruption within the box-like alleys and courts where she moved and had her being; and laughter

and tears are for flesh and soul two things of which Creaking Sarah had no consciousness. Only occasionally, and at long intervals, did she leave the cramped and crowded byways which she knew and understood, for the wide spaces of the parks. She did not like the parks; they troubled her eyes with expanses she could not visualize even whilst she regarded them, and gave her a vague sensation of fear and uncertainty. She moved through them like the inner spectre of a city's guilty dream, her eyeballs distended with the horror of a sleep-walker who clutches at a naked sword-blade to save himself from falling to his death in a smiling, mossy valley a thousand feet below. She was never at peace unless her horizon was bounded by a barrier which she could touch without its yielding to the pressure; and her only moments of comfort in the parks were those when, stretched across a bench under a tree, she listened to the branches creaking in the wind. That sound was a language which Creaking Sarah understood.

It was Laughing Sal who sometimes managed to drag her from the squalid streets to the public parks. Laughing Sal had been that unwanted, uncared-for thing which the world has named a "love child." Conceived with a drunken laugh, and born of sodden flesh that collapsed with a terrified whimper as she struggled with it for life, Laughing Sal had been kicked and beaten from starving, neglected childhood into imbecile maturity. Never still, dancing wherever she could find space to fling out her clumsy limbs and heavy feet, Laughing Sal grinned and chattered through the vicissitudes of heat and cold, of wet and dry, which constituted the only divisions she knew of life. Never having eaten quite enough, she was unaware that she was eternally hungry, and remained unaffected by anything but cold and wet. Unlike Creaking Sarah, she loved the comparative freedom of the parks, where she could send her smiles and her incessant chatterings down wide green vistas which she knew instinctively held nothing inimical to herself. The moving leaves and the flying shadows on the grass, which afflicted her companion with an actual physical uneasiness, were a delight to Laughing Sal. The wandering images of her own mind, which were fretted by the concretely defined limits of the streets until they took on the feverish hue of a sick child's delirium, found a soothing affinity in this shifting pattern of shadows. These silent, seemingly purposeless movements were but another aspect of her own confused and endless babble; and if they were as much a puzzle to her as everything else at which she looked, at least they were a puzzle in which she herself had a place, and in which she had a part of her own to play. Whereas the rows of tall, stiff houses cut into her nerves like a saw, and pushed her for ever away into an aching and haunted wilderness.

On this particular day she had experienced even more difficulty than usual in getting Creaking Sarah to leave the narrow, stuffy streets, where they shared a noisome kennel with two other outcasts as desolate as themselves. Creaking Sarah's feet had dragged more heavily and more slowly than ever over the hot pavements; every step she took had the appearance of being a laborious effort to extricate herself from the grip of a hidden force beneath, whilst her eyes occasionally rolled back as if seeking to follow the movements of some strange and sinister creature suddenly set adrift on the dark sea of her inner being.

Laughing Sal grinned and chuckled as she met the eyes of the passers-by, who for the most part gave her glances of good-natured tolerance, which changed into sharp aversion as they fell upon her companion. Neither Laughing Sal nor Creaking Sarah, however, was in any way affected by the bearing or the behaviour of those

who, they would have been surprised to learn, were their fellow-beings. Creaking Sarah was under the dominion of a hidden force which was sufficiently strong to put an iron barrier between herself and all flesh; and Laughing Sal felt more akin to the formless shadows on the grass than to these strange creatures, who, whilst bearing an outward resemblance to herself, disconcerted her and removed themselves to illimitable and incomprehensible distances by the fact that they all moved as if they had some definite object in view.

No one had ever cared to fathom the mystery which had brought these two outcasts together and held them fast. Probably Creaking Sarah was unaware of any bond between them, and would not have felt a blank if her companion had suddenly disappeared out of her life; but Laughing Sal, imbecile and distraught though she was, was half-conscious of obeying some blind instinct when she pushed and dragged Creaking Sarah into the open spaces she herself loved. That same blind instinct had struggled within her when she fought and conquered a drunken mother on the threshold of the world.

Now she danced in cumbersome fashion in front of Creaking Sarah, and even gave her an occasional clumsy kick in her efforts to awaken her attention. But Creaking Sarah remained immovable in the exact position in which she had first placed herself when they halted at this tree-shaded bench. Her rigid body, stretched out ignobly and without any softening curves, in the chequered pattern of sunlight and shade, was like a skeleton embodying the voiceless protest of centuries of murdered dreams. Her eyes were rolled quite back, as if caught and held by the hidden creature adrift on the dark and secret sea behind them. The leaves above her head stirred gently in a breeze which was not sufficiently strong to move their branches, and the traffic of a great city rolled outside the railings fifty yards away. A policeman strolling past looked, hesitated, looked again, and came close to Creaking Sarah. He bent over her and touched her, then quickly stood upright again.

"Look 'ere," he said, looking at Laughing Sal in horrified expostulation, for he was young and still open to impressions; "look 'ere. Wot d'you think yer doing, chucking yerself about like that in front of 'er?—she's dead."

"Eh?" said Laughing Sal.

"She's dead," repeated the policeman. "You jest look 'ere, she's as stiff as a board already. Why, she must 'a bin dead for hours."

Laughing Sal, for whom life held nothing but heat and cold, wet and dry, and who, in consequence, could not tell him that forty years of life had moulded Creaking Sarah into something which ten minutes of death could not change nor beautify, grinned and chattered at the moving leaves and the flying shadows, and went on dancing.

But Creaking Sarah's bones had heard and understood, and knew that at last they had come into their own.

H. ROTHAM.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CONFLICTING PRESS REPORTS.

SIR,—In the current number of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM I notice an anonymous letter from "Eighteen Readers," which asserts that either myself or the correspondent of the "Times" who described the scenes of bloodshed which occurred in Düsseldorf on Sunday, September 30th, is guilty of "deliberate falsehood." The writers demand to know which one it is.

I do not know who these persons may be who sit in judgment upon us, nor do I accept unquestioned their state-

ment that our published messages are irreconcilable, but, without the least thought of deflecting their gross accusation on to my colleague of the "Times"—whom I did not know when the Düsseldorf shooting took place, but to whom I was briefly introduced three days later in Cologne—I affirm that my account of what happened in Düsseldorf, as it appeared in the "Daily Mail" of October 1st, is a plain and exact description of things seen with my own eyes.

The "Eighteen Readers" of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM are not very precise in the details with which they try to support this gravest of all charges that can be brought against a newspaper correspondent, but I will take them one by one.

1. They say:—

"The 'Times' tells us that 'the political parties of Düsseldorf . . . issued a proclamation urging the whole population to remain indoors.'"

"The 'Daily Mail' makes no mention of the staying indoors of all but Communists and Separatists brought from elsewhere by train; on the contrary, it speaks of 'masses of harmless citizens who had gathered to watch the demonstrations.'"

To this I answer:—

Communists, Separatists, and harmless citizens cannot, of course, be distinguished by their personal appearance, but there were present all around me in the vast crowd looking on at the Separatist demonstration hundreds, even thousands, of women, old and young, many with children. Such persons were clearly neither Communists nor Separatists, but "harmless citizens gathered to watch the demonstration."

Moreover, during a lull in the general flight from the bullets of the Green Police, I spoke to several such people, including two children.

All were trying to get to their homes, as harmless citizens would. The two boys, when I shouted to them "Acht haben!" because they seemed to be heading for danger, replied: "Aber wir müssen dorthin! Wir wohnen da." (We must go there. We live there.)

The only dead, in fact, who belong to the town of Düsseldorf, were entirely unknown to the Separatist movement, as Herr Mathes, its leader, told me. They were *Neugierige* (onlookers), he said—and he naturally would have claimed them for his party if he could.

Such people were countless in the crowd on which the Green Police fired.

2. The "Eighteen Readers" say:—

"Neither the headlines nor the summary account of the event given on the first page (of the 'Daily Mail') make mention of any fighting between Separatists and Communists before the police intervened. . . . For any who turned the page and read the further detailed accounts there was, however, the information that the Communists had appeared first, and there were a few shots exchanged."

I cannot understand what they complain of here. Headlines and summaries cannot give every detail. If the facts they wanted were on the next page, what is their grievance?

3. The "Eighteen Readers" conclude:—

"There is no mention (in the 'Daily Mail') of armed Separatist forces, nor of the horrible action imputed to French cavalry squads in the 'Times.'"

I answer:—

I have before me the "Daily Mail" in which my account is printed, and in the middle of the second column is a paragraph reading:—

"I did not see anybody offer any resistance, with the exception of a few young men who sheltered at street corners and returned the fire with revolvers."

I repeat that one cannot identify a man's political opinions by his appearance, but I *did* record such use of arms against the police as occurred before my eyes.

As regards the lynching of several isolated German policemen by the infuriated crowd, my narrative runs:—

"The French troops then closed round the survivors of the police detachment and tried to save them from the fury of the crowd. Their efforts were unavailing, as men slipped in between their horses, and slashed and beat at the cowering figures until they fell huddled and with blood streaming on the roadway."

The only words in the "Times" correspondent's account which might be twisted into imputing "horrible action" to the French were:—

"The French remained impassive."

My account, too, makes clear that the French did not use their arms against the lynchers, which I explain as due to orders that they were not to make use of their weapons unless themselves attacked.

The three quibbling complaints set forth above are the whole of the flimsy basis on which your "Eighteen Readers" raise the insulting charge of deliberate falsehood. From the political colour of the organ in which this charge is made, it is clearly levelled against the correspondent of the "Daily Mail." This is an abominable slander, and, moreover, a mean one, for it is uttered anonymously against the writer of a signed article.

If amongst the "Eighteen Readers" of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM there is the decency of one honest man, they will now withdraw their accusation into the obscurity which shrouds their own identity.—Yours, &c.,

G. WARD PRICE,

Special Correspondent of the "Daily Mail."

Carmelite House, E.C. 4.

October 8th, 1923.

SIR,—I think I am in a position to throw some light on the query of your "Eighteen Readers" as to the relative credibility of the two very divergent accounts of the Separatist riots in Düsseldorf published by the "Times" and by the "Daily Mail."

On Monday, October 1st, the day following the riot, I went to Düsseldorf. I there found all the Green Police (Police of the Reich) under arrest, and French cavalry patrolling the town. I went in the first instance to the German police authorities in Düsseldorf and asked them for an account of the actual happenings; one of the officials with whom I spoke had been an eye-witness of part of the rioting. I then visited a big hospital in which a considerable number of wounded were lying, including a number of the wounded Green and Blue Police. I asked the doctor who had dressed their wounds what account they had given of the fighting, and then went up to the wards and questioned some of the wounded policemen in person.

In all these cases these independent witnesses corroborated one another completely. The following is an exact description of what I was told:—

On the Saturday before the rioting, meetings were held of the organizers of the Separatist demonstration, at which the plan of action for the following day was settled. Exact instructions were given as to the conduct of the demonstration. Cries of "Down with the Reich!" "Down with Stresemann!" were prohibited. At the same time, it was definitely arranged that the Green Police were to be provoked, so as to give an excuse for the disarmament and expulsion by the French. News of these instructions leaked out, and it was common talk in the town the same day that the removal of the Green Police was to be one of the main objectives of the demonstration.

In order to avoid the possibility of a riot, the principal Labour organizations had held meetings earlier in the week at which it had been decided that there should be a "dead Sunday," i.e., that no counter-demonstrations should take place, and that the people of Düsseldorf should be warned to keep off the streets.

On Sunday afternoon several thousands of Separatists were brought into Düsseldorf by special trains put at their disposal, without payment, by the Franco-Belgian Régie. The bulk of them appear to have been unarmed, but they were accompanied by some hundreds of "Storm Troops," armed with rubber clubs loaded with lead and with revolvers. As any German who carries a revolver in the occupied territory is liable to six months' imprisonment, it may be presumed, therefore, that these men had licences from the French to carry arms. The "Storm Troops" were composed of men known as "Syndicalists," i.e., workmen of extreme Left Wing views, many of them being Saxons.

At the railway station of Düsseldorf the procession formed up and moved to a square fronting the theatre. The procession was flanked by the "Storm Troops." As the procession arrived at the Square, there also moved into it by another street a certain number of Communists, who, contrary to the generally observed undertaking, had decided to hold a counter-demonstration there. On seeing one another the two bodies halted, and shouts of defiance were exchanged

between them. So far there was no disturbance. While this was taking place and the Square was filling with the Separatists, it was seen that a number of their "Storm Troops" were edging their way towards a small group of Blue (Municipal) Police which were observing the proceedings. Suddenly it was seen that one of them had had his sabre taken from him; it was waved in the air and passed from hand to hand above the heads of the throng amid loud yells. One of the other Blue Police drew his truncheon to defend himself from being disarmed and was immediately shot dead. At this stage the Green Police, which had been held in readiness, but had so far taken no part in the proceedings, moved into the Square to the number of thirty to forty. As the head of their column came into view, they were immediately heavily fired on by the "Storm Troops," which had arranged themselves in positions of defence on the steps of the theatre. The police suffered a number of casualties, several being wounded or killed. The Green Police promptly fired back, and then charged the "Storm Troops" and the mob in the Square, which scattered in all directions. The Square was soon cleared and the entrances barred off, and the bulk of police returned to their headquarters, bringing with them a number of prisoners, whom they proceeded to disarm. The rioting was thereby finished and order was restored.

At this moment French Cavalry and Light Tanks came on the scene. They entered the police headquarters and disarmed all the Green Police there, compelling them to release their prisoners, and handing over the arms of the police to the Separatists. Other French Cavalry spread through the town, disarming every Green Policeman they found and giving their arms to the Separatists. Once disarmed, the French soldiers, in a large number of cases, stood on one side and allowed the Separatists to beat with their clubs or to shoot or stab the defenceless Green Police. One of these men to whom I spoke in the hospital told me that he was first shot in the early rioting; he was then being taken to hospital by French ambulance men when they encountered another group of Separatists. Under the eyes of the French ambulance men he was struck heavily over the head with a loaded club, and was also stabbed with a knife. A number of the police were killed in this way and others were badly hurt.

When it is remembered that the Separatists were brought in armed by special Régie trains (on some of the wounded Separatists free warrants to and from Düsseldorf were found), that the population of the town kept off the streets, and that hardly any of them supported the demonstration, it is possible to get some measure of the responsibility of the French for what occurred, and especially for the horrible scenes that were enacted in the streets after their intervention.

It will be seen that the above version agrees substantially in all essential particulars with that given by the "Times," and is in complete contrast with the misrepresentations published in the French Press, and in its servile mouthpiece, the "Daily Mail."—Yours, &c.,

C. W. GUILLEBAUD.

St. John's College, Cambridge.
October 10th, 1923.

MINISTERIAL CANDOUR.

SIR,—There is a little matter of dates which, in the interest of the continued reputation of British Ministers for truthfulness and candour in answering Parliamentary questions, needs to be cleared up. Lord Curzon said to the Imperial Conference on the 5th inst., in speaking of the Ruhr occupation: "The fact that we learned from our Law Officers, after Mr. Bonar Law's return from Paris, that the occupation was not, in their opinion, justified by the terms of the Treaty, confirming the wisdom of the British attitude, was never concealed by us from our Allies." Mr. Bonar Law returned from the abortive Conference in Paris early in January. On February 15th, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, when asked in the House of Commons whether the Attorney-General had been asked to advise the Government upon the legality of the French occupation, replied that it would be useless to take such advice, "because any opinion given by the Law Officers of the Crown must necessarily be based on principles of interpretation laid down by British law in British Courts, and those principles

of interpretation may not be accepted by other nations." On March 13th, Sir John Simon asked the Government in the House of Commons whether they had "really satisfied themselves that the recent action of the French in advancing into Germany is within the Treaty of Versailles at all," and the Government spokesman, in reply, asked what good purpose would be served "by our expressing, publicly it might be, through the mouth of our Law Officers, that our Allies had violated the Treaty, if that was their opinion." In these circumstances, I hope that when Parliament meets the Government will be pressed for an answer on these two points: (1) On what dates did they respectively ask for and receive the advice of the Law Officers on this matter? and (2) Why, although, in Lord Curzon's words, they "never concealed" that legal advice from France, the Government concealed it from Parliament and from the British public, thereby greatly facilitating the scandalous "Hats off to France" campaign which has so seriously misrepresented to the French the true state of British opinion?—Yours, &c.,
M.

THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE.

SIR,—The discussion of the Arab-Jew problem in Palestine has so far been practically confined to the consideration of juridical and economic controversies, and the various declarations of politicians and diplomatists.

Could not all this froth be brushed aside and the simple facts of human nature and history be considered? These are:—

- (1) That no nation having any independence at all will agree to a relatively large immigration of aliens.
- (2) That this is especially true when the immigrants will not assimilate with the natives, and seek to emphasize their separateness, e.g., by the use of a special, and in this case artificial, language.
- (3) That all previous interminglings of unassimilable peoples have resulted only in anarchy, and danger to their neighbours.

Examples are too numerous and well known to quote; yet in all discussions one finds that rhetoric and office-files have their usual triumph over unalterable facts.—Yours, &c.,

CYRIL CROSSLAND.

"WAITING FOR AMERICA."

SIR,—Mr. Clinton W. Gilbert's exposition of present-day American opinion contains a philosophy that is too naïvely heartless to be convincing.

Contrary to his belief, much is heard in this country about the political ideas of the teeming inhabitants of the Middle-West who can look upon the possible disintegration of Europe with calmness, and even with fortitude.

Fortunately, however, we too are an optimistic people, and with good grounds in this connection. We remember with gratitude that it was a great American who founded the League of Nations, and another great American who summoned the Washington Conference.

And, with A. G. G., we wait.—Yours, &c.,

A SCOTTISH READER.

October 8th, 1923.

GERMANY'S REPARATION PAYMENTS.

SIR,—Lord Rothermere has been so successful that one frequently hears it asserted, with all the fervour of conviction, that Germany has paid nothing. Is there an accessible summary of the payments made to the Allies, both in money and in kind?—Yours, &c.,

RUPERT S. THOMPSON.

69, Romney Street, S.W. 1.

[The official statement issued by the Reparations Commission, entitled "Statement of Germany's Obligations.—IV." (published by H.M. Stationery Office at a price of 2s.), shows that Germany has been officially credited with total payments amounting to 7,940 million gold marks, or about £400 million pounds, roughly twice the amount of the indemnity paid by France in the 'seventies. We would also refer our correspondent to a book entitled "Germany's Capacity to Pay," by H. J. Moulton and C. E. McGuire, published by the Institute of Economics in New York. We hope to publish shortly an article by Mr. Keynes on the subject.—Ed., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

A CORRECTION.

SIR,—An article entitled "An Australian View of the Imperial Conference," which appeared in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM on September 29th, contained the following passage:—

"While very far from being pacifist in their opinions, Australians have no wish to be involved in another European war; and they fear that participation in the framing of foreign policy may automatically involve participation in the wars that policy provokes, without the power to insist on a policy congenial to Australian sentiment. For the same reason they show no enthusiasm for the suggestion inspired by the Round Table group that Australia should appoint an Ambassador in London of Cabinet rank and plenipotentiary powers."

The Round Table group has never suggested that Australia should appoint an Ambassador in London with plenipotentiary powers. The agents by whom the Dominions would, if the scheme put forward by us in the June and September numbers of the "Round Table" were to be adopted, be represented here, would not be plenipotentiaries, but intermediaries. Their task would not be to commit their Governments, but to supply them with adequate and accurate information in the field of diplomacy and international affairs; thus making effective inter-Imperial consultation possible.

I should be much obliged if you would publish this letter in order to remove misconception.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN DOVE,

Editor, "The Round Table."

October 9th, 1923.

GREEK REFUGEES.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to anticipate any possible misapprehension which may arise from your note in last week's issue on the arrangements for settling the Greek refugees under the League of Nations scheme.

The income and funds of the Refugee Settlement Commission which has been set up under the League may not be expended for the relief of distress or for other charitable purposes as distinct from the settlement and productive work of the refugees assisted. This means that these unfortunate people have still to be supported by the relief organizations, and the Council of the League has expressed in very definite language the hope that the charitable societies will continue to support the refugees as generously as in the past or even more generously. It is especially pointed out that this support will not be, as hitherto, a palliative, but an important contribution and an essential factor towards a definite and final solution of the Greek refugee problem.

That this is so is evidenced by the consent of Dr. Nansen, at great personal inconvenience, to address a small number of meetings in England, at the request of the All-British Appeal, on his way to America. These meetings will be held in Nottingham (21st), Liverpool (22nd), Manchester (23rd), London (24th), Leeds (25th), and Southampton (26th), all of this month. The details of the provincial meetings will be announced locally, but the London meeting will be held at the Central Hall, Westminster, on October 24th, at 8.30 p.m. Tickets for this meeting will be free, and should be obtained from me at General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 2.

The importance of Dr. Nansen's visit is emphasized by the latest news which we have received from Greece, where, at Salonica, the terrible conditions which obtained amongst the refugees in Athens and the Piræus last autumn are being repeated. Masses of these unfortunate beings throng the streets and station yards. The beach, black with the hasty and insufficient encampment, presents, I am informed, a scene which is superficially similar to that of a Bank Holiday at Margate. More than 50 per cent. are suffering from malaria; hunger, disease, and insufficient clothing threaten them with a recurrence of the epidemics which swept over their terrified hordes last winter. It is now late summer and the weather is warm; when the fierce winter winds of the Ægean begin to assail them their condition will be pitiable indeed. Already they are arriving at Salonica in greater numbers than can be dispersed into the interior. The camps formed hastily on the outskirts of the city are already overcrowded; the tentage, worn with a year's usage, is unlikely to stand the assaults of the winter's tempests.

This is bad enough. But with the exchange of populations which is now proceeding, fresh masses will be thrown into Salonica and other ports, where the congestion, already almost indescribable, will become desperate.

These are the refugees for whom the League of Nations' loan is being floated. What chance will they have of reaping its advantages, if sustenance cannot be provided for them through the coming months until the loan becomes available for them?

I sincerely trust that those sympathizers who are unable to listen to, and be moved by, Dr. Nansen's personal plea, will show their approbation of his untiring efforts by subscribing as liberally as they can to the Imperial War Relief Fund. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer at General Buildings, Aldwych, and gifts of clothing, which are very urgently needed, to the Fund, c/o New Hibernia Wharf, London Bridge, S.E. 1.—Yours, &c.,

GERALD MILLER,

Secretary, Imperial War Relief Fund.

Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

October 8th, 1923.

"THE BEATING OF A DRUM."

SIR,—Mr. Eliot's "Beating of a Drum" in your last issue, with its "identification of Lear's fool with the medicine-man" and its suggestion of a like origin for Caliban, for the Porter and the Witches in "Macbeth," and for Antony in the scene on Pompey's galley, throws a startlingly new light on the subject. Might he not carry his principle even further? Is it not, for instance, equally probable that Lear himself, no less than his fool, is a figure straight out of the "Golden Bough," and that if the fool is a "shaman or medicine-man," Lear is a rain-doctor? Now we can see what the poor old man was doing on the blasted heath:—

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout

Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!"

It was all owing to that "long-continued drought."

Nor is it only in our older literature that rain-dances and vegetation-spirits prove so illuminating. Who can now fail to see the mystic significance of the Walrus's desire, anticipating Mr. Eliot, to talk "of cabbages—and kings"?

Thanks to modern criticism of this sort we can boldly repel the geometrician's taunt on seeing "Athalie": "Eh bien, cela—que sert-il à prouver?" with the retort: "Why, my dear sir, anything on earth!"—Yours, &c.,

F. L. LUCAS.

October 7th, 1923.

POETRY

CHILDHOOD.

LONG time he lay upon the sunny hill,
To his father's house below securely bound.
Far off the silent, changing sound was still,
With the black islands lying thick around.

He knew each separate hill, each vaguer hue
Where the massed isles more distant rolled away;
But though all ran together in his view,
He knew that unseen straits between them lay.

Often he wondered what new shores were there:
In thought he saw the still light on the sand,
The shallow water clear in tranquil air,
And walked through it in joy from strand to strand.

Oft o'er the sound a ship so slow would pass
That in the black hills' gloom it seemed to lie;
The evening sound was smooth like sunken glass,
And time seemed finished ere the ship passed by.

Grey tiny rocks slept round him where he lay,
Moveless as they; more still when evening came.
The grasses threw straight shadows far away,
And from the house his mother called his name.

EDWIN MUIR.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

LORD MORLEY.

THERE has just been published in a new edition of Lord Morley's complete works a volume with the title "Politics and History" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.). One-third of the book is occupied with a dissertation which gives it its title, and there follow shorter studies upon the Positivist Calendar of Great Men, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, literature, and the historical romance "Theophano." These three hundred pages unfold for any attentive reader all Lord Morley's merits as a writer, and, at the same time, not his defects—for the word "defect" is not applicable either to them or to him—but his very interesting limitations. He has always seemed to me a remarkable and rather puzzling "case," for both as a writer and as a thinker in the realm of history, and in that middle kingdom between history and politics, he is so good up to a point that it comes as a surprise on finishing one of his books or on looking back over his now finished achievement to find that that point is not higher than it is.

* * *

THE essays in this volume were all completed at a time when age might have been expected to leave its mark upon the writer. The earliest was written when Morley was sixty, and the most important when he was seventy-four. Yet I can find no trace here of old age having laid its crabbed finger upon the style or of its having loosened the intricate mechanism of thought. After finishing the book I reread some of the "Diderot," which was written when Morley was forty; and the merits of that book seemed to me just as cleanly and vigorously manifest in these essays. I read the essays with much more than ordinary care and attention—it is, as I shall explain, necessary with all Morley's writing—and I think that I can vouch for the fact that there is only one sentence which the most hypercritical critic could pick a hole in on the ground of style. Every sentence is "written," vigorous, precise, absolutely clear. The thought is never loose, "sloppy," or thin. Some of the papers were originally given as addresses, yet there is not a trace of verbiage or rhetoric in them—an achievement in itself most remarkable. Then, too, every point which Morley takes up and deals with is interesting and important, and what he has to say about it is interesting and important, for in his brain he had at his command a quick and sharp instrument, and he was always trying, both in history and in politics, to get below the obvious surface.

* * *

I COULD quote many fine things from this volume, sentences of terse and epigrammatic wisdom, thoughts to which time and learning—a long and wide experience of men and books—have given a distinguished flavour which reminds one of the flavour of old wine. If one were reviewing the book—which I am not doing—one might quote and praise and praise and quote, and so end, having performed the pleasant duty enjoined upon us in the Apocrypha. But I am at the moment concerned with something else; I am interested to discover why, with these qualities and these very great merits, Morley stops short of the highest. It would be hypocrisy to talk of him either as a great writer or a great thinker; the real truth is that he was a distinguished writer and a distinguished thinker. The interesting point is to discover what in his case drew the line between the word "great" and the word "distinguished." And in this book he himself, I think, shows us how the line came to be drawn.

* * *

TAKE first the question of style. There is an essay in the book called "Words and their Glory," and in it

at one point Morley states the qualities which in his opinion the writer should aim at: "Besides the fundamental commonplaces," he says, "about being above all things simple and direct, lucid and terse, not using two words where one will do—about keeping the standard of proof high, and so forth—let me commend two qualities—for one of which I must, against my will, use a French word—Sanity and *Justesse*." Here, at least, is a man who practised what he preached, for it would be impossible to find a better analysis of the qualities of Morley's own style. And I am the last person to belittle those qualities; they are the foundation of good writing. And yet the thing only has to be stated in this way for one to see that certainly something has been omitted which might conceivably turn good into great writing. What exactly has been omitted I cannot pretend to say in a page of 1,200 words; in Lord Morley's own case I can only suggest it was some kind of imaginative passion, some power of letting a part of the mind go while the rest of it—the part which is concerned with simplicity, directness, lucidity, terseness, sanity, and *justesse*—remains tautly under control.

* * *

THE question of Morley's place as a political thinker is not so simple. Everyone who has read his works carefully must have noticed one puzzling thing about him. He is a very "difficult" writer; and yet on the surface there seems to be no reason why he should be difficult. The thought in every sentence—and in every paragraph—is perfectly clear and is clearly expressed, and yet—I can only speak from personal experience—after reading two or three paragraphs one is continually having to pull oneself up and go back and reread them because, though one has understood every sentence, one has lost the drift or direction of the writer's thought. It is only if you hang on like grim death to what Morley is saying that you suddenly see the reason of this difficulty. When Morley begins a paragraph there is a perfectly definite connection of thought between his second and his first sentence, rather less between the third and second, still less between the fourth and third, and so on, until after a paragraph or two there is only the thinnest of mental links between the stage at which he has arrived and the stage from which he started. Those psychological characteristics which moulded his style were also the cause of this mental habit. In the essay on Guicciardini he remarks that the ideal publicist is one "whose propositions" are "guarded by temperance, reserve, common sense, and all the qualifications of practice." Here, too, he practised what he preached. The difficulty of following his thought is ultimately due to the fact that he is always guarding and qualifying his propositions, that he rarely makes any general statement without immediately turning round to see whether, in fairness, something cannot be said on the other side. It would be silly to deny the immense value of such temperance, open-mindedness, and scrupulousness. Combined with suppleness of mind and considerable learning, they made Morley one of the most distinguished of nineteenth-century publicists. But in his case these qualities were pushed to such extremes that they inhibited his thought, preventing him from passing from the sphere of the distinguished to that of the great thinker. For even thought, if it is to be great and original, must have some passion behind it.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

CONGREVE, COLLIER, AND MACAULAY.

The Complete Works of William Congreve. Edited by MONTAGUE SUMMERS. Four vols. (Nonesuch Press. 63s.).

As the Victorian Age grows dim on the horizon, various neglected luminaries re-emerge—among others the comic dramatists of the Restoration. The work of Sheridan begins to be taken at its true value—as a clever but emasculated *rifacimento*; the supreme master of prose comedy in English is seen to be Congreve. At least, let us hope so. To those who are still in doubt, or in ignorance, the new complete edition of Congreve's works, published by the Nonesuch Press, and edited by Mr. Montague Summers, should bring conviction or conversion. Congreve now appears for the first time as he should have appeared long ago—as a classic. The get-up of these four quarto volumes—though it cannot be said to equal the perfect amenity of the Baskerville edition of 1761—is admirable; and the critical prefaces, notes, and commentaries are a monument of erudition and exactitude. Mr. Summers prints the plays, probably rightly, from the original editions, and not from the last edition published during the author's lifetime, which has formed the basis of all subsequent texts. He thus restores to life several excellent jokes, deleted by Congreve owing to the attacks of Jeremy Collier, though he does so at the cost of relegating various small improvements and polishings to the list of variants; but no doubt—if one must choose—polishings are less valuable than jokes. Another decided gain is the reversion to the original arrangement of the scenes, which had been unnecessarily Frenchified by Congreve himself, and had subsequently undergone a process of serious degradation—still unfortunately visible in the current "Mermaid" edition. Mr. Summers's interesting introduction is full of learning, argument, and feeling—in fact, perhaps too full. There is an idiosyncratic exuberance about it, which sorts ill with the exquisite impersonality of Congreve. To speak of "the disastrous Revolution of 1688," for instance, and to describe the Lollards as "Wyclif's gang," is odd; and oddity should not appear in Congreve's editor. One small point may be mentioned, as an illustration of the dangers which attend an excess of zeal—"Tis true we found you and Mr. Fainall in the blue garret," says Mincing, the lady's maid, to Mrs. Marwood; "by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon Messalina's Poems." Mr. Summers has the following note: "'Messalina's Poems.' Considerable research has failed to trace this book. It is alluded to before as 'a Book of Verses and Poems,' and I would suggest that it was a collection of obscure lyrics and songs clandestinely printed." Alas, for Mr. Summers's "considerable research"! A word with Millamant would have brought light in a moment. For the explanation is as simple as it is delightful: Mincing had got the title of the "Book of Verses and Poems" just a little wrong; instead of "Messalina's," she should have said "Miscellaneous."

The difficulty of distinguishing between what is Miscellaneous and what is Messalina's is not confined to Mincing. The dividing line has never been absolutely drawn, and judges in the High Court are worried with the question to this hour. But at the end of the seventeenth century discussions upon ethics and aesthetics were even more confused and confusing than they are at the present day. For one thing, there were more red herrings on the track. The divine and mysterious requirements of dogmatic theology had to be attended to—so had the almost equally divine and mysterious pronouncements of Aristotle. Jeremy Collier, however, was troubled with no doubts. He saw Messalina everywhere; and, in his "Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage," published in 1698, he singled out the dramatists of the time for a violent castigation. To a modern reader, Collier's book is nothing but a curiosity, its only merit being, oddly enough, an æsthetic one—it is written in good plain English. The arguments throughout are grotesque, and it is clear that Collier had never stopped for two minutes to consider the general questions at issue. He supports his contentions by appeals to Tertullian, Minutius Felix, St. Chrysostom, and "the Bishop of Arras"; the ancient drama, he gravely maintains,

was less scurrilous than the modern—did not Sophocles show the deepest respect for oracles? As for his conception of what constitutes stage immorality, it is most extraordinary. Any opinion held by any character in a play is assumed to be the author's. Congreve is seriously pronounced to be obscene and blasphemous because he makes his gentlemen say "Pox on't," and his ladies "Jesu!" while Dryden is savagely hectoring for "abusing the clergy" because in one of his plays an Egyptian Princess rails at the priests of Apis. Obviously, this absurd volume lay open to more than one crushing rejoinder. Several rejoinders were made; but their ineptitude is symptomatic of the age; and the most inept of all was Congreve's. With a strange perversity the wittiest man alive made a complete fool of himself by rushing into the one position that was untenable. He maintained that his plays were not indecent, but that, on the contrary, they were written to subserve the highest ends of virtue. He, too, actually appealed to the Early Fathers. It is impossible to decide which of the two antagonists is the more ridiculous—Collier when he fiercely anathematizes Congreve for calling a coachman Jehu, or Congreve when he blandly assumes that there is nothing improper in Lady Plyant and Mr. Scandal.

Unluckily, the true nature of this preposterous controversy has become obscured by Macaulay. In an essay, written in that style which, with its metallic exactness and its fatal efficiency, was certainly one of the most remarkable products of the Industrial Revolution, Macaulay has impressed upon the mind of the ordinary reader his own version of the affair. Wishing to make a dramatic story of it, with a satisfactory moral, he has presented Collier as a hero—not, to be sure, without his little shortcomings, but still a hero—who, in the twinkling of an eye, purged not only the English theatre, but English literature itself, of the deplorable and reprehensible grossness which had been disgracing the country for the last forty years. A few inconvenient facts are forgotten—the fact, for instance, that the Restoration Comedies continued to be acted unceasingly throughout the eighteenth century. But, no doubt, it is to the moral revolution effected by the "Short View" that we owe the exquisite propriety of the farces of Fielding and the chaste refinements of "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Dunciad."

One of the wildest of Macaulay's aberrations is his picture of Collier as a great humorist. As Mr. Summers observes, an utter—a devastating—a positively unnerving lack of humour is the most conspicuous feature of the "Short View." Yet Macaulay has the effrontery to mention Pascal in connection with this egregious jackass. He was gambling heavily on none of his readers having the curiosity to open the book.

Whether Mr. Summers's account of the dispute will supersede Macaulay's seems to be a little doubtful. He is, perhaps, too much of a partisan. His unwillingness to admit the weakness of Congreve's arguments diminishes the force of his denunciation of Collier's. In truth, the question is not so simple. No doubt, as Mr. Summers says, art and life are different things; but wherein precisely lies the difference? Later, Mr. Summers justifies the comedies of the Restoration on the ground that they were a truthful representation of life as it was lived in the high society of the time. "A close parallel," he adds, "may be found in the decadence of Venice." Surely he might have pushed the comparison a little further—as far as the present day. One can easily think of a Mr. Tattle in Bloomsbury, and a Lady Froth in Mayfair. Nevertheless, it is plainly paradoxical to find in "The Double Dealer" or "The Way of the World" a faithful presentment of any state of society; it is not in that fashion that real life is lived. What, then, is the explanation of this close resemblance combined with this obvious unlikeness? How is it that we are well acquainted with Mrs. Frail, without for a moment supposing that either she or ourselves are figuring in a Congreve comedy? Perhaps the truth is that pure Comedy, unlike Tragedy and Drama and most forms of fiction, depends for its existence on the construction of a conventional world in which, while human nature and human actions are revealed, their consequences are suspended. The characters in Comedy are real; but they exist *in vacuo*. They are there neither to instruct us nor to exalt us, but simply to amuse us; and therefore the effects which would in reality follow from their

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By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

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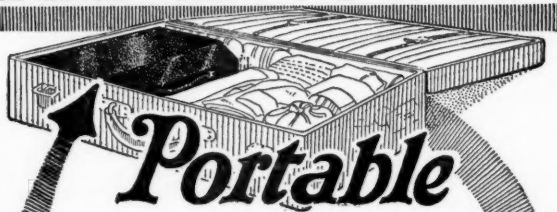
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conduct must not appear. If they did, the comedy would cease to exist: the jealous husband would become a tragic personage; the heavy father a Galsworthy character; the rake would be revealed as a pest, and the old bore as . . . an old bore. By the magic of Comedy, what is scabrous, what is melancholy, what is vicious, and what is tiresome in the actual life of society is converted into charming laughter and glittering delight.

This being so, it is as futile for the comic writer to pretend that he is, in reality, a moralist in disguise, as it is for the moralist to blame the comic writer for ignoring morality. The true weight of the moral objection lies in a very different consideration. It is perfectly possible that the presentation of such spectacles as Comedy presents may prove, in certain circumstances, undermining to the virtue of the spectators. But it is obvious that here no general rule can be laid down; everything depends upon contingencies. The time, the place, the shifting significations of words, the myriad dispositions of the audience or the reader—all these things are variables which can never be reduced to a single formula. Queen Caroline's meat was Queen Victoria's poison; and perhaps Lord Macaulay's poison was Mr. Aldous Huxley's pap. Every case must be considered on its own merits; but, after all, in any case, such considerations have no bearing upon the intrinsic excellence of works of art. Fireworks do not cease to be exhilarating and beautiful because it is dangerous for inexperienced governesses to play with them. The comedies of Congreve must be ranked among the most wonderful and glorious creations of the human mind, although it is quite conceivable that, in certain circumstances, and at a given moment, a whole bench of Bishops might be demoralized by their perusal.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

"THE DEFENCE OF POESIE."

Sir Philip Sidney: The Defence of Poesie, Political Discourses, &c. Edited by ALBERT FEUILLERAT. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.)

IN three volumes, of which this is the third, Professor Feuillerat has assembled the works of Sir Philip Sidney; and he promises to add a supplementary fourth, containing the first version, discovered in recent years, of the "Arcadia." The edition takes its place among the "Cambridge English Classics," a series of much use and some beauty, though with the lengthening of the row of its scarlet volumes the commercial dullness of the binding grows more and more discouraging to eye and hand. The print of the page is excellent; it is a thousand pities that the outer clothing of the series was not more sympathetically designed from the beginning.

Except for "The Defence of Poesie" this third volume of Sidney is such as we expect at the end of any man's "complete edition"; it is the receptacle for the odds and ends which must be swept together to make the edition complete. Sidney's translations, his political discourses, even his correspondence—these are here for finality's sake, and properly so; it is only the candid and charming "Defence" that appears on its own account. This little book of forty pages can make its appeal on many grounds—as one of the earliest efforts of literary criticism in the language, as the mirror of an Elizabethan mind, as a piece of harmonious prose; and however it is taken it answers freely to an attentive ear. But perhaps the best manner of taking it now is that which the author expected and asked for—not the manner of an historian, tracing the movement of literature on the eve of Shakespeare's day (the "Defence" was written before 1583), nor that of an anthologist, looking for pretty extracts, but rather the manner of a critic who agrees with Sidney that "poesie" is an honourable and defensible matter. Sidney wrote as a critic himself, and it is only by reason of an ambiguity of language that we fail to do him justice as a critic. His "poesie" was not our "poetry"; the distinction must be made at the outset, or his argument becomes all irrelevant. Poetry, in our romantic discourse, is a radiant presence which Sidney perhaps had never thought of defining, certainly never of defending; it had not been attacked. It was poesie that he had seen traduced—poesie, the art of making an imaginary world more

real than the real; the art that by some was called the mother of lies and the nurse of abuse, "drawing the minde to the serpent's taile of sinfull fantasies"—poesie, that even Plato was constrained in prudence to banish from his commonwealth. And whatever Plato may have meant by it, Sidney meant the art of fiction, neither more nor less: fiction as it was written by the poets, by Homer and Virgil, by Chaucer and Ariosto. The great poets, as Sidney knew them, were not the great poets as we know them to-day. To-day, when we think of the poetic spirit, we think first of what?—it may be of the golden visions of Keats, of Shelley's fire and dew, of the magic of Coleridge; these are the associations, these or their like, that are stirred for us by the name of poetry. For Sidney it was different; for him the poets were the story-tellers, the creators of Achilles and Æneas and Orlando; and when he heard them blamed for feigning deceitful tales and beguiling men to listen to vanities, he felt as any of us might feel on being informed that Scott and Dickens and George Eliot had dishonoured their great gifts by inventing mere follies and fancies, instead of using them seriously for edification.

Attacks on "poesie" in this sense are not unknown in any age, though their form may vary; and with it may vary, too, the fashion of the retort. The fashion at one moment might be to jeer at the Philistine for confusing a matter of art with a matter of morals—an answer that at least saves the artist the fatigue of argument. But at times the question strikes people as a little more complicated than this, so that they feel constrained to meet the attack with fuller consideration. Is it true to say that the "Iliad," or "Tom Jones," or "War and Peace"—that any good fiction does not "edify"? Of course it edifies, and all good art is good for all men, and the attack of the moralist is based on a mean conception, not of the beautiful alone, but of the good and the true. So it may seem to us now, and so it seemed to Sidney; and his answer accordingly is to offer the moralist broader and saner views of the meaning of goodness and truth. It is precisely what a man in the same position would try to do to-day, but for his dreary conviction that it is useless; too well he knows the fruitlessness of any parley with the Philistine. But Sidney, in the happier spring-time of literary criticism, was full of simple hopes, and he was able to argue more hopefully and more simply than the prudent critic of to-day. He was also able to write more attractively; turn, after doing justice to his argument, to a few of the famous passages that you remember so well—they are prettier than ever.

PERCY LUBBOCK.

PREJUDICES.

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THIS is the first time that a work of Mr. Mencken's has come my way, but one learns from the wrapper that he has written a book of burlesques, also a defence of women, and from the title itself one assumes that he has published two previous volumes of *Prejudices*. So he is a man rich in prejudices, nor is he half-hearted about them, judging by the present volume. No! he lays about him with a flail, punches with a boxing-glove, punishes in real wrath, and, if he does it rudely rather than scientifically, uses the bludgeon rather than the rapier, his punishment is not the less thorough; and by the time I had reached the end of the book, a little battered and winded, I liked him for his vigour, even though I did not admire his prose or endorse every one of his opinions. I was grateful to him, too, for his indication of the lines upon which he would wish criticism of his book to run. His books, he says, are commonly reviewed at great length, but he cannot recall a case in which any suggestion offered by a constructive critic has helped or even interested him. A hearty slating, he says further, does him good, especially if it be well written. He does not object to being denounced, but cannot abide being schoolmastered.

This led me, naturally enough, to a consideration of the present-day method of reviewing, and I wondered wherein its value lay. The reading-public, as any publisher will tell you, is not coerced into buying a book on the strength of favourable notices; strange as this may seem, it is apparently true. Few people read reviews; they look, perhaps, at the



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beginning and at the end, leaving out the middle, and are not persuaded either one way or the other. There remains, then, the author as the reviewers' only conscientious public; and here again, since 25 per cent. of authors steadfastly refrain from reading reviews of their own books, the poor reviewer, indeed, writes for an *undankbares Publikum*. It is only when he ceases to be a reviewer and becomes a Critic that anybody takes any notice of him at all. And even then, according to Mr. Mencken, his constructive criticism is valueless, because the creative artist is impatient of the pedagogue who would teach him how better to set about his own business; but even so, and granting the truth of Mr. Mencken's premise, I fail to see why he should be prepared to receive destructive criticism any more gratefully.

Mr. Mencken, however, who is himself a critic, does not address himself only to creative artists; principally he addresses himself to the whole American nation, and anybody who wishes to hear that nation thoroughly and wholesomely abused had better read his book without delay. Mr. Mencken, at least, does not share one fault which he attributes to his countrymen: he does not acquire his ideas at second-hand. Although his opinions may often not be very logical or very profound, at any rate he has arrived at them independently and for himself. And he sets about expressing them in what I take to be the American way—crudely, with no centuries of culture or courtesy behind him. He is angry, but not witty; indignant, but not subtle; passionately resentful, but not stinging. He has been called the Bernard Shaw of America, but the comparison seems singularly ill-chosen. He is not a satirist, he is not even a cynic; he is just an angry man who does not care what terms he uses so long as they shall be sufficiently violent; perhaps from his knowledge of his compatriots he judges that those terms are the only ones they will understand. Humbug he loathes, and accepted ideas, whether they be social, political, religious, or literary. Poetry he scorns as a "comforting piece of fiction set to more or less lascivious music." Shakespeare "ought to be ranked among the musicians," but "as a philosopher he was a ninth-rater." The United States is "essentially a commonwealth of third-rate men." As for man in general, he is "the yokel *par excellence*, the booby unmatched, the king dupe of the cosmos." You see that Mr. Mencken is not afraid of saying what he thinks.

One wishes—and I hope he will not interpret this as constructive criticism—that next time Mr. Mencken writes a book he may call it *Enthusiasms* instead of *Prejudices*. We know now what he despises; we should like to know what he admires. His little tribute to Havelock Ellis is so gratifying to admirers of that splendid intellect that one would like to see Mr. Mencken's discrimination put to a further test.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

AN AUSTRALIAN REFORMER AND AN ENGLISH VICAR.

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"WHY is this not a great novel?" thinks a reader, who believes he can recognize a great novel when he sees one; he has read about seventy pages of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "Kangaroo" when his mind evolves the inquiry, and having framed a provisional answer he goes on reading. About fifty pages further on he is asking excitedly: "Isn't it a great novel?" and remains at that pitch for just how many pages I do not know. The rest of the book quietly lets him down, cooling his head and heart with all kinds of damp rags, crudish philosophy, religion, sociology, and, on the whole, the subsidence of the vision into the Inane. One chapter snatches him back again into the author's charmed circle: the chapter entitled "Nightmare," which recalls the strange experience of those who lived at home during the

war, the queer revelation of the unsubstantiality of our substantial pre-war England. But that is a little separate bit of magic; it might stand alone and lose nothing; its relation to the rest of the book, though real, leaves it discrete, an admirable fragment.

"Kangaroo" deals with a small, well-defined group of people: Lovat Somers, who arrives in Australia on a vague quest of his own soul; his wife, Harriet, attendant on Lovat and his expedition, but with tastes, if not a purpose, of her own; their neighbours, Jack and Victoria Callcott, whose democratic humanity is attracted and puzzled by the exotic aroma of the aristocratic pair; Jaz Trehella, an enigmatic—an annoyingly enigmatic—Cornish Australian; and Kangaroo, or Cooley, the head of a society for the political and social regeneration of Australia through a benevolent despotism.

All these people, save the last, are thrown on to the screen before the machine is in focus. Gradually the features emerge, and we begin to discern their mutual relations and to infer their individuality. Then, with a flicker, the huge, grotesque, and almost sublime figure of Kangaroo, with his "pondering, eternal look, like the eternity of the lamb of God grown into a sheep," looms, clear-cut and really tremendous. It is through Lovat's impression of him that we know him. But Lovat, after his capture by the personality of Kangaroo, refuses to be merged, and in the consequent struggle for freedom the impression is distorted, blurred; and the Kangaroo who is killed in Chapter XVII. has lost his grandeur, his beauty, everything almost except his pathos and his grotesqueness. This may be intentional or it may not. Something of the kind happens to everybody in the book, except Harriet, perhaps; after attaining a certain definition, and becoming more human and lovable with increasing distinctness, they fade out—the machine is once more out of focus.

One may venture a guess at what has happened. In the earlier stages of the novel the author uses Lovat's eyes, Lovat's mind, as a spy-hole on the external world; but gradually he loses himself in Lovat or Lovat is lost in him; and instead of a view of the external world, we wander in the maze of Lovat's theory of the universe. This theory is expounded at great length, not merely as an interesting indication of Lovat's state of mind, but as doctrine. It may be sound doctrine, though it seems confused and odd; but doctrine is ballast that must knock the bottom out of almost any novel.

"Kangaroo" is not a great novel; it is not even a very good novel; but it has more of the stuff of very good fiction than would suffice to make it such. One does not begin to cite its individual excellences, because the catalogue would be a very long one. Just two must be mentioned: the aspects of physical Australia—the bush, the towns, the shore, and especially the skies; and the astonishing impressions of Australian psychology.

A clergyman, the "dear Vicar" of a dull and respectable parish, so far forgetting himself as to make love to the pretty French governess—this does not look like the promising theme of a novel. It is, however, the theme of Miss Easton's "Tantalus," and "Tantalus" is an admirable novel. For we are not at all contemptuous of the Vicar, though he is growing middle-aged and should, so to speak, have known better; nor is the French governess a minx; nor is the book in any way prurient. What happens is inevitable; moreover, it is beautiful and tragic. The advertisement informs us that this is Miss Easton's first novel. It is more than a promise. The style is cool and expressive, very readable and enjoyable, with something of that faintly smiling detachment of Jane Austen's. Miss Easton's touch is still uncertain in places; her expressiveness is apt to slide into bathos, as when "a feeling of honey at the heart attacked the vicar." But what assurance and warmth in the little *genre* piece of the Communion privately administered to old Miss Cantyre and her maid Bevis!

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Some people say Pirandello does not read well. I differ. I think he reads very well, and this stimulates in me a desire to see him acted. It must be admitted that Mr. Granville-Barker does not read very well, which moderates my wish to see him acted. Yet Mr. Granville-Barker is a sensitive and intelligent man, who has devoted his whole life to the æsthetics of the theatre, and any decent person would approach a book of his in a sympathetic frame of mind. What is wrong with Mr. Granville-Barker? He portrays with insight and sympathy the spiritual journey of an interesting man, for whom the outward pursuits of life have lost their savour, and whose secret life is expounded in three acts. The incident is sufficient, the psychology convincing, the writing never gross. Yet the bitter fact remains that "The Secret Life" is difficult to read; Mr Granville-Barker scorns too greatly excess. He will never let himself go, with the result that the temperature of the play is sub-normal and the characters of the play sub-human. Take the following critical passage:—

"The door opens and Eleanor looks in.
Eleanor: Evan, are you busy?
Strowde: Yes . . . come in.
Eleanor: Come in, my dear.
This is to Susan Kittredge, who then follows her. Eleanor shakes hands silently with Stephen.
Strowde: Good morning, Miss Susan.
Eleanor: Bad news.
It is, indeed, written on their faces.
Strowde: What?
Eleanor: Joan's very ill.
Serocold: Joan Westbury?
Susan: A letter from my grandfather this morning.
Serocold: Is she still out there?
Susan: Since Christmas.
Eleanor: May Evan read it?
Susan: Of course
Susan has the letter in her hand. Strowde takes it without a word.
Serocold: What's the matter with her?
Eleanor: It's a tumour on the brain.
Serocold: Good God!" &c.

Mr. Granville-Barker is making a point here. Strowde, to whom the news means most, says nothing and listens to the flat conversation of the other people, who inevitably mind less. I may be too fond of rhetoric, but I cannot help feeling that this is no way to write. The talk is too devastatingly like life. Conversation, however banal and realistic, should in some way be heightened to become expressive. But this other method of composition has become particularly fashionable since the importation of Chekhov. Chekhov certainly appears, at first sight, to have pushed naturalism further than anyone before him. Still, it would not be difficult to prove that with his long soliloquies, general statements, and "character" speeches, he is as literary and "exaggerated" in his own way as was any Elizabethan in his. He is a realistic artist, which is not the same thing as a photographer.

Mr. Munro is a very different "kettle of fish." "The Rumour" belongs to a school of drama which, I believe, flourishes in Germany, where it is called Expressionism. "Misled Film Art" would be a more suitable term. Mr. Munro writes to tell us how wars are made, not how a war was made. The Prime Ministers, diplomatists, armament magnates, and others, never say anything interesting, but are merely the mouthpieces of the singularly crude psychology which is attributed to them by Socialist orators. The

result is, of course, a war. But when Shakespeare wrote "Macbeth," he was not engaged in telling us how murders, in the abstract, are staged, but how Macbeth and his lady felt before, during, and after their terrible crime. Similarly, Mr. Munro would interest us if he could tell us how a Prime Minister felt before, during, and after a declaration of war. Incidentally, he must be an interesting Prime Minister or we shall not care how he felt.

Mr. Munro quarrels with certain critics who, at the time when "The Rumour" was produced by the Stage Society, complained that his young diplomatist was made to behave in a way foreign to young diplomatists. His protest is unjust. Mr. Munro was describing, not individual states of mind, but how wars come. Hence the critics are justified in pointing out improbabilities of conduct, which may vitiate the political thesis of the author. If wars do not come in the way Mr. Munro states, the point of "The Rumour" vanishes.

The characters in "The Rumour" are non-human, and, in consequence, their long speeches soon become very tedious. We do not believe that Prime Ministers, diplomatists, and munition magnates talk the language put into their mouths by Mr. Munro, and, if they did, we could invent it for ourselves. The best feature of his play is the new use to which he has put that singularly elastic mechanism, the Elizabethan scene. One other thing must be borne in mind. "At Mrs. Beam's" is a very different matter.

F B.

FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS.

Four and Twenty Minds. By GIOVANNI PAPINI. (Harrap. 10s. 6d.)

MR. BASIL DEAN was recently laughed at for using the expression "semi-permanent." But there is a kind of writing it rather aptly describes: I mean the newspaper article which is afterwards collected into a volume under the more pretentious name of "essay." Such a volume is generally deplorable from every point of view. There are few critics who are intellectually capable of an essay, even if they should attempt to write one: for it is one of the most difficult of all literary forms. In the second place, by simply reprinting journalism they are not even making the attempt. They do not make the attempt, because they know that a true essay would be at least as out of place on the literary page of whatever news-sheet has the honour of supporting them as are their own articles in a printed volume; and they have not the time, and often not the inclination, to waste on such a financially unproductive form of art. The conscientious critic would burn the files of his weekly *causeries* and take a month's holiday before attempting to write a book of essays, instead of doing the whole thing with scissors and paste.

Papini's "Four and Twenty Minds" is writing of this "semi-permanent" sort: that is to say, the book is largely composed of what are euphemistically called "essays written on the occasion of the publication of Signor Blank's 'So-and-So'"—in other words, of book-reviews. It certainly does not merit his own description of it as the work of one "seeking to penetrate deeply into the lives of other men, in order to reveal their loveliness or their hatefulness": for he writes rather with eloquence than depth, and his skill is rather in the exposition of prejudice than in insight. On the other hand, he frequently exhibits unexpected shrewdness; and his attack on Croce is not without logical penetration. But, on the whole, he is readable without being satisfactory; he seems to calculate the expenditure of his intellect in the same way that bookmakers calculate their odds—they allow the public to win just enough to make them go on betting, while he says just enough to make them go on reading. At times he is flat, wire-drawn, and sentimental, as in his essays on the Unknown Man (a subject far better suited to Mr. Chesterton) and Leonardo. One turns on from these essays in a mood almost of despair. At others, he is enthusiastic but yet sensible, as in his long article on Walt Whitman. Sometimes (when he writes on Shakespeare, for instance) he would seem frankly silly, if one did not remember that Shakespeare is almost universally a blind spot among Latins. Of Hegel he is abusive without really being

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destructive. On the subject of Don Quixote he is interesting without being convincing. His parodical portrait of himself is mere schoolboy wit. In short, his work is extremely uneven, and even at its best its interest is subjective; he turns far better illumination upon himself and the Italian public than on the objects of his study; it is not the four-and-twenty blackbirds, but the cook who sings.

Probably the part of his song which bears on Croce will have most interest for the English reader. The author, realizing that he is opposite a formidable opponent possessed of the living man's privilege of retort, appears to have taken considerably more trouble over it than over most of the rest. The pontifical ascendancy of Croce over a large portion of the Italian public, and even a small portion of our own, is a phenomenon that still requires explanation. One is inclined to suspect that ascendancy of being psychological rather than philosophical; and of being partly accountable, as Papini suggests, by the historical tendency to reaction after a period of some sort of realism. But that, after all, is a merely potential cause; one does not react to such an extent without something to react towards; and one must give Croce's theories a little more credit for inherent attractiveness than Papini is willing to do. But about Croce's exposition of those theories one cannot but feel Papini to be in the right: Croce and his friends do not argue, they preach; they are always ready to sacrifice logic to rhetoric—I have even read a philo-Crocean work which, whenever faced with a distasteful point of view, simply dismissed it as *démodé*, and considered that sufficient refutation. It is perfectly true that there are fashions in ideas; but surely every philosopher will recognize that they are the enemies of truth, not its foundations. Nor is Croce above the use of flattery and log-rolling to obtain important converts. He even took the opportunity of referring somewhere to Papini's "depth of insight"—a bait which one is glad to see that Papini has refused. For if one cannot wholeheartedly repeat the compliment oneself, one can at least bear witness to his sincerity and frequent originality.

RICHARD HUGHES.

ADULT EDUCATION.

The Way Out: Essays on the Meaning and Purpose of Adult Education. By Members of the British Institute of Adult Education. With an Introduction by Viscount GREY OF FALLODON. Edited by the Hon. O. STANLEY. (Milford. 4s. 6d.)

WHY have English men and women to-day less interesting and less interested minds than their Elizabethan ancestors? Why is their zest for knowledge less keen and their mental compass less wide? Why do they fail to bring to the surface the gifts which they possess? And what is the way out from these perplexities? It is the purpose of this book to suggest answers to such questions. It consists of seven papers: the first four, claiming to treat of Ideals, are contributed by Lord Haldane, Mr. A. E. Zimmern, Mr. H. J. Laski, and Lord Eustace Percy; Facts are dealt with by Mr. Albert Mansbridge, Miss Haldane, and a syndicate composed of Mr. W. N. Bruce, Sir William McCormick, and Sir Frank Heath.

The idea which haunts and inspires the writers is that the Renaissance spirit ought to be recapturable, and that the desire for education in many parts of England should supply the proper conditions for its recapture. Some of them suggest that the salt is already on its tail. "A good university tutorial class," says Mr. Laski, "is the one place in modern England where you may catch again that sense of spacious exhilaration which came to men like Erasmus in the dawn of the Renaissance." Mr. Mansbridge can quote a witness who, speaking recently of the desire for education among working girls, said: "It is almost an Elizabethan period." Others are less optimistic. "In spite of its fervour and industry," writes Mr. Zimmern, "there has been something lacking in the [adult education] movement—that indefinable element which constitutes the difference between plodding conscientiousness and living mastery, between the second-rate and the first-rate. The two elements, University and Labour, have met and mingled; but out of the friction no living fire has issued." "During the last twenty years

the intellectual interests of the English working class have been almost exclusively economic. . . . Enslaved, mentally as well as physically, by the mechanism of the iron system in which he is imprisoned, the modern town workman, like his employer, has lost his taste for the larger and deeper interests of life, for the problems of the individual human soul, and it is but in rare instances, or after a patient and deliberate process of habituation, that the lost faculty is regained. It is only in the country districts, or in towns such as Swindon, where the influence of the neighbouring countryside is still fresh and active, or in the Potteries, home of a living artistic tradition, that these deeper interests retain their hold; and it is in these centres, less newspaper-ridden and less voluble in discussion than their more bustling compeers, that the movement is destined to produce its most enduring results." With these views many of Mr. Zimmern's colleagues would not agree, but it is interesting to find Mr. Mansbridge asserting that there is no evidence that the towns are more responsive to the appeal of adult education than the countryside. "Almost every experiment which has been carried out on right lines in English villages in recent years has proved successful. It has been almost astonishingly easy to get a large proportion of village men and women to study such subjects as history and literature when the delights of doing so have been revealed to them in a way devoid of pedantry or of obvious desire to do them good." And extremely satisfactory results have been secured from the provision of libraries and circulation of books in the ships of the Mercantile Marine. Lord Eustace Percy, who laments that modern education fails to supply the "broad coherence of outlook" possessed by our ancestors, finds evidence of an "almost passionate interest in education" throughout England. The adult education movement has arisen spontaneously to meet this demand: "It is the expression of no preconceived ideas, of no particular social or political philosophy, but rather of a realization that a new birth in politics, as in art or literature, comes not by observation," and that all we can do is to prepare the soil. As regards practical needs, Lord Haldane pleads for an increase of public funds allotted to adult education, so as to make possible "the establishment in every centre of population of the organized influence of the University"; while Mr. Mansbridge very wisely remarks: "If the majority of people who ask for facilities in education and training were prepared at the same time to seek them for themselves, then, obviously, the adult education movement would receive an accession of strength which it is impossible to estimate."

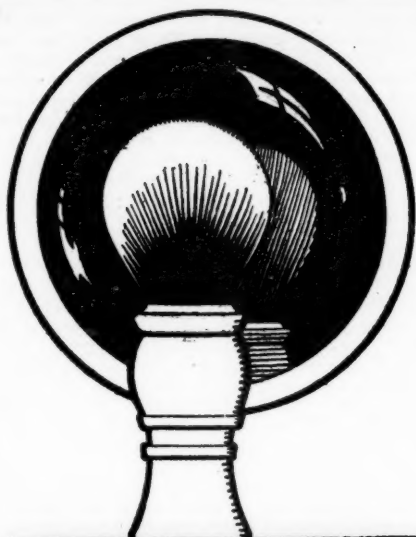
J. R. M. BUTLER.

UTOPIA.

The Story of Utopias. By LEWIS MUMFORD. (Harrap. 10s. 6d.)

THE title of this book may suggest a potted outline of utopian literature in a popular series of "Stories for the Million." If so, it belies the contents. It is, in fact, a sociological treatise of great interest, which fills a gap in that borderland of literature, science, and philosophy that presents us with a vision of a saner civilization. It is not merely descriptive, but critical and constructive—and that in a sense far removed from the dreary modernity of Oxford dons, who demonstrate the fallacies of Plato by reciting tales of the Oneida Community or Salt Lake City. Moreover, the utopists are put in their proper place, as eccentric amateurs projecting their suppressed personalities into a world of phantasy, and knowing next to nothing of the facts of human nature and human society which the social sciences are now laboriously accumulating.

The most interesting and suggestive part of the book is the concluding chapters, in which the author makes his own contribution to the problem of human destiny. In common with other American thinkers who draw their inspiration from William James, he is impatient with mental activities that lead to no practical conclusion. If scientists and artists are content to leave the future of civilization in the hands of "practical men," science and art will perish. As against the irresponsibility and detachment of most modern science and art, he sets the examples of Yeats and A.E. in Ireland, and Gruntwig in Denmark. If our plans for a new



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social order are not to be as "dull as mud," they must be "informed by science and ennobled by the arts."

Curiously enough, at a time when most disillusioned idealists are watching the strangling of a new international order at its birth, Mr. Mumford has almost nothing to say on world organization. He desires to see the "idolum of the National Utopia," with its monstrous offspring Megalopolis, Coketown, and the Country House, supplanted by the rejuvenation of local patriotism. "There are some 15,000,000 local communities in the world," according to the Postal Directory; these, he tells us, will be the seat of the future "eutopias." Truly, as Patrick Geddes has said, "in the Kingdom of Eutopia there will be many mansions."

The author has not entirely escaped the pitfalls of his predecessors. He confesses to "a certain abstractedness" in his argument; and his command of facts falls short of the standard he lays down for future utopists. Ireland and Denmark are not so noticeably superior to the rest of the world, in spite of all that agricultural co-operation has done for them. And that summary of "our efforts at rehabilitation"—"the new architecture, the garden city movement, the electrification of industry, the organization of great industrial guilds such as the Building Trades have achieved in England" (!)—will need revision in a later edition. In spite of its broad sweep and lofty vision—perhaps because of them—the book leaves the reader with the tantalizing conviction that the social sciences are still in their infancy and that "Sociology" is as yet little more than town-planning writ large.

E. M. H. L.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Thomas Rowlandson: his Drawings and Water-Colours. By A. P. OPPE. ("The Studio." 42s.)

BLAKE, in one of his letters, says: "For his own sake I am sorry that a man should be so enamoured of Rowlandson's caricatures as to call them copies from life and manners, or fit things for a clergyman to write upon." Certainly there is nothing in Mr. Oppé's selection to which the latter part of this censure might be applied; he reproduces a large variety of Rowlandson's work, but, on the whole, on his pleasanter side. As to whether the caricatures are "copies from life and manners," it is impossible, in face of Blake's statement, to say; but whether true or not, it is here that their chief interest for us lies. From Rowlandson, in fact, many of our ideas of eighteenth-century life are derived. As works of art, their merit is inferior: Rowlandson had neither the sense of composition of Hogarth—to whom one cannot help comparing him—nor yet his great power of sympathy and perception. For this reason the total result is monotonous, in spite of his variety and brilliance. "Fun I love," said Blake, again attacking the same clergyman on the subject of Rowlandson's caricatures, "but too much fun is of all things the most loathsome."

From an artistic point of view, Rowlandson's water-colours are perhaps more important, but the considerable charm of their colour is somewhat impaired by reproduction.

Mr. Oppé has selected his ninety-six plates well to illustrate Rowlandson's variety, his strength and his weaknesses; the introduction too is interesting and well thought out.

* * *

The Fabric of Europe. By HAROLD STANNARD. (Collins. 10s.)

OBVIOUSLY great pains and thought have gone to the making of this book, and Mr. Stannard deserves full credit for them. The book is a serious attempt to discover the real historical causes of the war, and to see how far the peace settlement has succeeded in making them inoperative for the future. The discussion of the Eastern question is extremely interesting and suggestive, and throughout the book anyone who has sufficient knowledge to examine Mr. Stannard's statements critically will derive both instruction and amusement from doing so. But for those with less knowledge he is not a very safe guide. Again and again one finds his vision clouded and judgment warped by ephemeral prejudices which should have no place in an inquiry of so large a scope. On a certain plane of political writing, for instance, it is justifiable to speak of M. Venizelos as "the man of genius"; it is ridiculous to do so on the plane chosen by Mr. Stannard for his inquiry. More serious, however,

are his prejudices with regard to "Germany," the Germans, and the Russian Government. To what a pass such prejudices can bring him can be shown by one example. "The constitutional system," he writes, "of all the European members of the League is that of the full responsibility of the executive to a legislature elected upon a broad franchise. The case for the exclusion of Soviet Russia from the League rests on the fact that its Government does not satisfy the test." Does Mr. Stannard hold that Italy, Spain, Greece, Hungary, Bulgaria, Portugal, and Japan should be excluded from the League?

* * *

L'Inganno della Carne. By MARIO PUCCINI. (Rome, Milan: Mondadori. 8 lire.)

IN this volume Mario Puccini, who has now an assured position among Italian short-story writers, confines himself more strictly than ever to his native Romagna. There is a personal tone, a greater intimacy about it that makes it, as a whole, perhaps the most attractive book of his we have yet read. "L'Odore della Maremma" brings out the purity of the poet's love for his wild, desolate Maremma, his delight in the very smell of it, especially in autumn, in contrast with that of the landed proprietor and the peasant, who value it merely for what they can get out of it. The physical and metaphysical adventures of his old gardener, Bartoletto, which consist largely of dialogues between him and the novelist, or of long soliloquies—a favourite method with Mario Puccini—bring out clearly his intimate knowledge of these people, while "Caratteri" shows the ugly, grasping meanness which is one of the worst vices of a peasantry, even towards their own flesh and blood that has treated them generously in better days. The antagonism between the older and the younger generation crops up not unfrequently, but finds its solution in a large-hearted sympathy and tolerance—"Noi li facciamo e Dio poi li cucina a suo modo," says the old peasant woman. As a story, "Rimorso" is the best. But the book has a unity of its own; it is not a mere collection of scattered tales.

* * *

Memoirs of Four Continents: Recollections, Grave and Gay, of Events in Social and Diplomatic Life. By LADY GLOVER. (Seeley & Service. 16s.)

LADY GLOVER has travelled much and known a great many people not very well, and skims the surface of a busy life with adequate fluency in the present volume. By her side she keeps a very conscientious blue pencil, so that we know only what it is fitting that we should be told. For instance, we are told that the crest of Charlemagne is also that of the Glover family; she once saw a lady at a grand evening party stuff her pockets full of peaches and then sit down on them; the Prince of Wales once kissed her daughter and said, "I remember your father, dear; you are very like him"; and she tells us that Mr. Froude wrote charmingly and that Mr. Gladstone was an eloquent orator. But in nothing is she extreme. She has found life very pleasant; and everybody well born and charming. That, at least, is the verdict of the blue pencil.

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as much as possible." Not, of course, that one is under these conditions particularly British. One is merely artificial in the manner developed by the English music-hall. One forgets, or tries to forget, all sorts of complexes, inhibitions, and desires that make up one's ordinary life and becomes for the moment an imaginary character. The greatest artist is he who can best help us to create this fiction of ourselves. It is difficult to say how this curious British convention of beer, cheerfulness, and voluntary stupidity came into being. I suppose it descends vaguely through Smollett, with the brutality heavily diluted by passage across the sentimental filter of Dickens. Anyhow, when the performance is over, the audience in whom this artificial state of mind has been induced go home to bed, satisfied with the reflection that they have passed a particularly British and healthy evening.

The Blue Bird is a much simpler matter—that is to say, the actors merely desire to titivate our normal sensibilities, not to trample upon or to divert our complexes. They are certainly not greater creative artists than many favourites of the English music-halls. But they are more straightforward and less literary, and to my mind far more intelligent. It is unnecessary to describe their *genre* in detail, because theirs is the same kind of entertainment as that provided by the "Chauve-Souris" which London took to her heart, thinking it to be exotic when it was really much less remote than the type of entertainment to which she was accustomed.

The Blue Bird is smaller and more modest than the Chauve-Souris. The performers, in fact, seemed sometimes a little frozen amid the marble pilasters of the New Scala. Still, as the evening advanced, they established contact with the audience—in itself no mean feat—and the chilliness wore off. We concluded, in fact, amid scenes of general enthusiasm. Though none of the turns may be quite as good as the Chauve-Souris' best moments, they never sink anywhere near the Chauve-Souris at its worst. They are more *artiste* than their predecessors. As in all these entertainments, the turns were of two kinds—the "artistic" and the "Russian peasant" business. The artistic part of the entertainment avoided the Viennese gust more successfully than is usual. The Barrel Organ was magnificent, and I found "Time is Money," advertised as a "skit on American Romanticism," highly diverting. But to me, as I believe to the majority of people, the folk-song element was the most attractive feature of the evening. I do not think our Russian visitors quite realize how attractive their songs and *mise-en-scène* are to the ordinary English audience. The appeal is ultimately perfectly direct and sensual; the slightly exotic atmosphere provided by the particular cross between Cubism and Russian peasant art, which is the basis of all modern Russian stage decoration, has now become so familiar as to be hardly noticeable. No doubt the folk-songs strike a chord in our sentimentality. All this aspect of country life has vanished for ever from England, and is now merely a pseudo-pagan cult for jejune aesthetes. Yet a genuine atavistic emotion is stirred within us, something far more vital than the superficial literary tradition of the English music-hall, for we are taken back centuries into an England which was as happy and as artistic as its neighbours.

The present performance at the New Scala may appear to some a trifle thin, and it could be easily thickened out by a few more "folk-song" turns. In truth, they are a Cabaret troupe who ought to come on between the drinks, not in the glacial sobriety of the New Scala. But it is not the fault of the Blue Bird that it is impossible to spend an evening agreeably in London. There is even a wistful pleasure in closing one's eyes during their delightful performance and dreaming one is far, far away in a civilized capital—in Moscow, in Constantinople, in Teheran.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

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"At last," said a very distinguished compatriot of mine, a painter, with whom I visited the Mansard Gallery—"at last the English are developing an art of their own. For ten years they have lived under French rule. But here is English work, done in the English tradition. They have only to continue—" he said. A serious compliment was implied.

A Frenchman can scarcely fail to be impressed—perhaps a little depressed—by the English quality of this exhibition. The weather is English; the sky is English; most English are the barns, the cottages, the gentle slopes of the Cotswolds. Grey is the prevailing tint; August the favoured month; the artists seem to have enjoyed and recorded the same holiday in the same surroundings. Partly this is the result of accident. The exhibition is chiefly remarkable for good work by unknown painters—Mr. Matthew Smith, Mr. Power, Mr. Cole, Mlle. Lessore—rather than for masterpieces by painters of established reputation. Mr. Gertler, Mr. Fry, Mr. Keith Baynes, and Mr. Bevan exhibit nothing. Mr. Grant shows one water-colour only, "The Balcony" (No. 94). As if to contradict what I have just said, this single picture floods with colour the cool antechamber in which it is hung. Composed almost entirely of violets, greys, and drabs, reflected upwards upon raised figures, there is no brilliant spot, no violent contrast of light and shade. Yet light seems to pour from the painter's brush; while the gaiety, the abandonment of his mood are controlled by the masterly relations between the figures above and the chairs below. We expand, and yet feel firmly held. The sun, thus generous to Mr. Grant, withholds his favours from Mr. Adeney. His landscapes, of which No. 3 is the most successful, have the soft tint, the vague outline of wool. He is going through a period of close dependence, in structure and design, upon Mr. Fry. In "Nash End" (No. 3), however, a really admirable picture, he shows that he can inspire in us much warmer feelings than are consistently due to his labour and sincerity. In these qualities both Mr. Lee and Mr. Wolfe, who exhibit perhaps with too great facility, would do well to imitate him. Their pictures will never jar upon our taste; but a frail cockle-shell appearance common to both suggests that any violent collision in their neighbourhood—of omnibuses, say, in the street—would shiver them to dust. On the solid and remarkable still life (No. 11) by Mr. J. W. Power such collisions would have no effect. It is to me one of the most satisfying pictures in the room, painted simply and broadly, designed in large masses which build up a composition that engages the eye more and more subtly the longer one looks at it. With it should be compared the still life by Mr. Cyril Cole (No. 76). In this extremely interesting work the artist has placed a number of different greys in close relation, but has kept them clear in character, and has avoided any suspicion of muddiness of tint. His painting still shows a stiffness; perhaps it is the stiffness of youth. When this is overcome—and he is taking the right measures—there is no doubt that his work should be of singular breadth and quality. It is tempting—need I say dangerous?—here to digress upon the quality which the work of three distinguished women—Miss Stock, Miss Hey, and Mlle. Lessore—has in common. It is perhaps modesty; they are content to be themselves. In consequence we can take a direct pleasure in Miss Hey's portrait (No. 19), Miss Stock's landscape, and Mlle. Lessore's "Kensington Gardens" (No. 33). In their work is no alloy of pose or pretence. To these qualities Mlle. Lessore adds, especially in the picture named, a curious wit, which, here kept on the safe side of caricature, gives her art its peculiar edge, its expression, at once sly and distinguished. Beside it the brilliant but pretentious work of Miss Pearson looks wooden and insensitive; and M. Popovitch's oil study so crude and forced that the threat to propagate a picture hereafter

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SCIENCE

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THE Hippocratic collection* is one of the earliest landmarks in the history of Natural Science on its biological side—a fact which naturally sets the modern biologist ruminating over the changes which the subsequent rise of that branch of science has brought about, both in actual achievement of discovery and in influence upon the evolution of the discoverer.

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"When Science has discovered something more

We shall be happier than we were before"—

so, satirically, Mr. Belloc. And Mr. Chesterton's latest utterance on the subject, if my memory serves me, is to the effect that Progress consists in knowing when to stop.

But this Science and this Progress are but parts, as well as products, of that continuity of evolution which sweeps onward all organisms, including man—including even those men and bodies of men which deny its existence; and it is worth while occasionally to allow our ruminations their head, and to see where and how we are pushing or being pushed by that same evolution.

First, then, the differences between medicine then and medicine now. Hippocrates, and all those who contributed to this library of medical treatises known as the Hippocratic collection, were ignorant of a number of facts and methods which to us form part of the very framework of organized existence. They knew nothing of the circulation of the blood; the nature of metabolism; the cellular structure of the body; the origin of new lives by union of male and female gametes; the mode of operation of the nervous system or that of the ductless glands. They had no conception of the bacterial causation of infectious disease, and therefore no understanding of asepsis or antiseptics. They had no thermometers, and few drugs; anaesthetics were far off in the womb of time. They were, indeed, without the possibility of a rational biology or a rational medicine, through sheer lack of facts.

They could be rational only in this sense, that they could start from the very premiss and foundation of reason—that order reigns in the universe: and they could do their best to dismiss the tenets of unreason—that of primitive Religion, that all unexplained phenomena were to be ascribed to an arbitrary divine being;

or (the refuge of Superstition) that magic influences work in things; or, more exalted but equally fatal error, the error of unbridled Philosophy, that the human mind can, without descending to tedious fact and the labour of verification, deduce the principles on which the rest of nature moves.

In this sense the Greeks did make the first attempt at a rational view of the world. In their philosophy and their science they made the noble attempt, the attempt eulogized by Lucretius, to rid humanity of the incubus of "*religio*"—which is not religion in our more general sense, but those particular brands of it which were dominant in classical antiquity, and, as Lucretius pointed out, enslaved the immortal reason, sanctioned a thousand cruelties, and burdened the soul with terrors.

However, they overshot the mark. "Philosophy superseded religion. Greek philosophy sought for uniformity in the multiplicity of phenomena, and the desire to find this uniformity led to guesswork and to neglect of fact in the attempt to frame a comprehensive theory"—thus Dr. Jones in his introduction.

In the best treatises of the Hippocratic school, it appears that the rôle of the Gods is reduced to a minimum. No doubt religious observances were carried out and possibly recommended by the medical men; but the power of theology in the realm of medical thought was gone. In the same way, the medical profession and the Church rub along side by side to-day—but in separate and pretty water-tight compartments.

Philosophic speculations were also reduced to a minimum; certain of them lingered, like the Pythagorean idea that the mystic number seven must play a part in the temporal course of disease; and the one fundamental but erroneous doctrine of humours which was the pivot of what system there existed. Beyond this, however, the treatises are severely scientific in method and aim. They deal almost coldly with descriptions of symptoms, with prognosis, with accounts of epidemics and their possible causes in outer nature.

Treatment seems to have been simple, but as adequate as the state of knowledge permitted. Purgatives, fomentations, baths, a special but simple diet, bleeding, and freedom from all kind of worry and trouble—these were the chief; and, as Dr. Jones says, "Even nowadays a sufferer from measles and influenza can have no better advice than to keep warm and comfortable in bed, to take a purge, and to adopt a diet of slops."

So much for this aspect of the facts. There are others of considerable interest. For instance, Hippocrates gives us a list of the chief diseases prevalent in his time. Malaria and affections of the lungs, both phthisis and pneumonia, were the commonest. Ophthalmia and "dysentery" were also frequent. Conspicuous by their almost total absence, however, are most infectious fevers. It appears to be certain that the Greeks did not suffer from measles or smallpox; probable that they did not know diphtheria, scarlet fever, bubonic plague, syphilis, typhoid, or paratyphoid. Dr. Jones does not discuss the question of cancer, although we know that it was present in ancient Egypt and other early civilizations.

These last facts raise interesting questions. *Why* were these diseases absent? No certain answer can be given. We can only say that civilization, at least in its earlier and middle periods, seems to generate diseases as it generates other difficulties and drawbacks. Mr. Carr-Saunders, in his recent book on Population, makes it more than probable that infectious disease of an epidemic type was practically unknown before civilization had advanced to a pitch permitting a definite degree of crowding, and a certain freedom of communications, just as grouse-disease only becomes serious when moors are overstocked. We are reminded that medicine is to-day faced with other problems similarly arising out of the march of civilization itself—for instance, the various types of ill-health due to ill-balanced diet, insufficiency of vitamins, of exercise, of sunlight—all conditions which could not well have been found in primitive societies.

Indeed, the reader of Hippocrates is constantly asking himself questions about modern medicine. How

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much of disease is merely due to the conditions of civilization, and not chiefly to inherited or constitutional tendencies? How much, therefore, of it could be got rid of by the two great agencies of preventive medicine—the prevention or minimizing of infection, and the provision of opportunities for healthy diet and mode of life? Or again, the medicine of the Greeks was obviously not a science, but an art—a rational art, if you will. How much of modern medicine is art with a framework of philosophic or, at best, scientific but incomplete dogmas, how much a true science? It is at least clear that human biology is so complex that we are still hampered, even if to a lesser degree, with the sheer ignorance of facts that hampered the Greek. The nineteenth century, for all its achievements and all its dogma, did little save lay a foundation. Medical men think now that we see the way clear to a real science of medicine, with principles as firm as those of chemistry or physics, not merely the symbolic generalizations of the hasty philosopher in all of us; only let us be sure that we are not accepting some dogma as unbased as that of the humours to a place with these true principles, as occurred, for instance, when nineteenth-century medicine thought that the problem of disease was little else than the problem of micro-organisms. Dr. Crookshank's article on Science and Health in Mr. Marvin's "Science and Civilization" reminds us of many such problems and dangers in modern medical thought.

But we are straying from our author. . . . It goes without saying that the work before us, being one of the Loeb series, is a workmanlike production. The general introduction of sixty-nine pages is an interesting essay—although one feels that a little fuller treatment of Greek medical methods, Greek diseases, and Greek drugs would have been helpful. Of the contents of the treatises themselves, the layman will find the case-records and the discussion of epidemics the most interesting. And it will always be of interest to study something of the ideas of the man (or perhaps school of thought!) who has always been, with reason, considered as the father of modern medicine. Through that he was—shall we say?—one of the grandfathers of modern biology, and so one of those chosen souls who have helped evolving Mind to come into her own.

JULIAN S. HUXLEY.

THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

VARIOUS new reference-books of merit, and new editions of others already known, have to be chronicled. Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," strengthened "by the inclusion of many forms of expression that have arisen only during the last few years," takes us in twelve hundred pages from A and A1 to the Zwickau Prophets. The publishers are Messrs. Cassell; the price, 25s. "Books that Count," a hand list by Mr. W. Forbes Gray, giving grouped references to literature, frequent notes upon contents, and indices of authors and titles, reappears at 7s. 6d. net from Messrs. Black.

THE third edition of Part III. of Mr. William Swan Sonnenschein's "The Best Books" (Routledge, 31s. 6d.) has been entirely rewritten, and is a welcome advance in the state of a long-familiar bibliography. Mr. Sonnenschein's labours are of the monumental class, and will be a consulting authority for a long time to come. In this section he has included a copious catalogue of books concerned with the European War.

"A SHORT HANDBOOK OF LITERARY TERMS," by Mr. George G. Leane, published at 5s. by Messrs. Fisher Unwin, is a work of reference, and something more; it explains "the more or less technical terms" of the writing tribe in the light of a wide reading, which furnishes many vivid illusions. When Mr. Leane sets out to interpret *clichés*, for instance, he gives not only the sense of the term, but some sound criticism.

IN another direction, there have been issued two more "Blue Guides," on "The French Alps," and "Switzerland: with Chamonix and the Italian Lakes." The series has already established itself; the collaboration of Mr. Findlay Muirhead as editor and Messrs. Macmillan as publishers has achieved probably the final excellence of guide-books. The information, both the general and the minutely practical, together with the admirably engraved maps, could scarcely be more compact and plain.

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY'S "Antic Hay," a novel which disclaims kinship—in the publishers' forecast—with "any previous formula," is promised for this month. Messrs. Chatto & Windus announce also "Black Bryony," a second book by Mr. T. F. Powys, with woodcuts by Mrs. R. A. Garnett.

EARLY in November will be ready the "History of the 52nd Division," by Lieut.-Col. R. R. Thompson—its chief *entourage* is the war on the Eastern fronts. Messrs. MacLehose & Jackson, at Glasgow, have this war record in hand. Meanwhile, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton give details of "Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, 1914-1919," an official history from the pen of Mr. R. Hodder Williams. This unit's story is associated with France and Flanders. The work occupies two volumes.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Oct.

- Sun. 14. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The End of the Age," Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe.
Indian Students' Union (112, Gower St.), 5.—"A Walk in Central Africa," Mr. H. W. Nevinson.
- Mon. 15. University College, 5.—"The Application of Phonetics to the Curing of Speech Defects," Miss I. C. Ward.
King's College, 5.30.—"Camoës as a Lyric Poet," Prof. E. Prestage.
King's College, 5.30.—"Czecho-Slovak Education," Dr. O. Vocadlo.
- Tues. 16. King's College, 5.30.—"The Great Masters of the Cinquecento," Lecture I., Prof. P. Dearmer.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Foreign Policy of Italy, 1871-1914," Lecture II., Prof. G. Salvemini.
King's College, 5.30.—"Russia before Peter the Great," Lecture II., Sir Bernard Pares.
University College, 5.30.—"The Present Tendencies of Physiological Science," Prof. A. V. Hill.
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—Discussion on "The Origin of Cultivated Plants."
- Wed. 17. University College, 3.—"Problems of the 'Inferno,'" Barlow Lecture I., Prof. E. G. Gardner.
Royal Meteorological Society, 5.—"Towards a Basis of Meteorological Theory: Thirty-nine Articles," Sir Napier Shaw and Capt. D. Brunt.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Biological Foundations of Society," Lecture I., Prof. A. Dendy.
- Thurs. 18. Parents' Educational Union (3, Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park), 3.—"Marionette Plays in Education," Mr. P. G. Wilson.
London School of Economics, 5.—"Wages Control in War-Time," Prof. Henry Clay.
University College, 5.15.—"The New Babylonian Creation and Flood Stories," Lecture III., Dr. T. G. Pinches.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Function of Scholarship," Prof. J. A. K. Thomson.
King's College, 5.30.—"Judaism and Oriental Religions," Lecture I., Canon Box.
King's College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Byzantine, Near Eastern, and Modern Greek History," Lecture II., Prof. A. J. Toynbee.
University College, 5.30.—"Division of Europe," Prof. A. F. Pollard.
Child-Study Society (90, Buckingham Palace Road), 6.—"Some Aspects of the Departmental Report on English," Dr. F. S. Boas.
Birth Control Society (Essex Hall), 8.—Dr. Marie Stopes on her Recent Case.
Royal Society of Tropical Medicine (11, Chandos St., Cavendish Sq.), 8.15.—Sir Percy Bassett-Smith's Presidential Address.
Institut Français (3, Cromwell Gardens, S.W. 7), 9.—"Victor Hugo," M. Paul Valéry.
- Fri. 19. King's College, 5.30.—"Austria-Hungary, 1526-1867," Lecture II., Prof. R. W. Seton-Watson.
Essex Hall, 8.—"England and India under a Labour Government," Col. Josiah Wedgwood.

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Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

FICTION.

- BALLANTYNE (R. M.). *Gascoyne, the Sandal-Wood Trader*. Ed. by Brookes More. Boston and New York, Cornhill Publishing Co., \$2.
 BICKLEY (Francis). *The Adventures of Harlequin*. Il. by John Austen. Selwyn & Blount, 7/6.
 BINDLOSS (Harold). *The Wilderness Patrol*. Ward & Lock, 7/-.
 BINNS (Ottwell). *The Trail of Adventure*. Ward & Lock, 7/-.
 *BULLETT (Gerald). *The Street of the Eye; and Nine Other Tales*. Lane, 7/6.
 *CATHER (Willis). *One of Ours*. Heinemann, 7/6.
 CLARK (Ellery H.). *Putting It Over*. Boston and New York, Cornhill Publishing Co., \$2.
 DAVIS (Oswald H.). *Soft Goods*. Arnold, 7/6.
 DAWES (Carlton). *Virginia*. Ward & Lock, 7/-.
 DUMAS (Alexandre). *The Prussian Terror*. First Translation, by R. S. Garnett (International Library). Stanley Paul, 2/6.
 *GAUNT (Mary). *As the Whirlwind Passeth*. Murray, 7/6.
 HAINES (D. Hamilton). *Sky-Line Inn*. Eveleigh Nash, 7/6.
 HARRISON (E. J.). *The Red Camarilla*. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.
 JENSEN (Johannes V.). *The Cimbrians: The Long Journey*. Il. Gyldenhal, 7/6.
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 MARTIN (C. E. M.). *The Incredible Journey*. Cape, 7/6.
 *MAXWELL (W. B.). *The Day's Journey*. Thornton Butterworth, 7/6.
 PALMER (John). *Looking after Joan*. Christophers, 7/6.
 *ROBERTS (C. G. D.). *In the Morning of Time*. 6/-.—*The Forge in the Forest*. 4/6. Dent.
 *SWIFT (Benjamin). *Only These*. Thornton Butterworth, 7/6.
 WAWN (F. T.). *Jacynth: a Pastoral*. Arnold, 7/6.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- GLOVER (Lady). *Memories of Four Continents: Recollections Grave and Gay*. Il. Seeley & Service, 16/-.
 HOLT (Alfred), ed. *Merseyside: a Handbook to Liverpool*. Il. Univ. Press of Liverpool (Hodder & Stoughton), 3/6.
 RICE (C. Collier). *Persian Women and their Ways*. Il. Seeley & Service, 21/-.
 WEST (Arthur G. B.). *The Church and Parish of St. Dunstan in the East*. Il. Simpkin & Marshall, 2/6.

BIOGRAPHY.

- *FITZPATRICK (Kathleen). *Lady Henry Somerset*. Por. Cape, 10/6.
 *GIOLITTI (Giovanni). *Memoirs of my Life*. Tr. by Edward Storer. Chapman & Dodd, 30/-.
 HEUVEL (J. Van den). *The Statesmanship of Benedict XV*. Tr. by J. C. Burns. Burns & Oates, 6d.

HISTORY.

- *BUCHAN (John), ed. *The Nations of To-day, a New History of the World: British America—Yugoslavia*. Hodder & Stoughton, 15/- each.
 MORISON (S. E.). *The Maritime History of Massachusetts, 1783-1860*. Il. Heinemann, 21/-.
 *PHILLIPS (Prof. W. Allison). *The Revolution in Ireland, 1906-23*. Longmans, 12/6.
 *PRIBRAM (Prof. Alfred F.). *Austrian Foreign Policy, 1906-18*. Foreword by G. P. Gooch. Allen & Unwin, 4/6.
 *ROBINSON (Dean J. Armitage). *The Times of St. Dunstan*. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 10/6.
 *TREVELYAN (G. M.). *Manin and the Venetian Revolution, 1848*. Il. maps. Longmans, 12/6.
 *WARD (Sir A. W.) and GOOCH (G. P.). *The Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy: Vol. III. 1866-1919*. Cambridge Univ. Press, 31/6.

WAR.

- AUSTRALIA. *Official History of the War: Vol. VIII. Australian Flying Corps*. By F. M. Cutlack. 54 il., 32 maps. Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 18/-.
 BOYD (Thomas). *Through the Wheat*. Scribner, 7/6.
 *FORTESCUE (Hon. J. W.). *A History of the British Army: Vol. XI, 1815-38*. Macmillan, 40/-.
 *SCOTT (Major-Gen. Sir Arthur B.) and BRUMWELL (P. Middleton), eds. *History of the 12th (Eastern) Division in the Great War, 1914-18*. Il. Nisbet, 15/-.

REFERENCE BOOKS AND ANNUALS.

- ANGLO-AMERICAN YEAR-BOOK, 1923. American Chamber of Commerce, 8, Waterloo Place, S.W.1, 15/-.
 BRITISH YEAR-BOOK OF INTERNATIONAL LAW, 1923-24. Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 16/-.
 CANNONS (H. G. T.), ed. *Classified Guide to 1700 Annuals, Directories, Calendars, and Year-Books*. Grafton, 5/-.
 CHARITIES. *Fry's Royal Guide to London and Other Charities*. 59th Ed. Churchman Publishing Co., 33, Craven Street, W.C.2, 2/-.
 GRAY (W. Forbes), ed. *Books that Count: a Dictionary of Useful Books*. 2nd Ed. Black, 7/6.
 LEVERMORE (Charles H.). *League of Nations Third Year-Book, 1922*. New York, "Brooklyn Daily Eagle" (King), 7/6.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- CHESTERTON (G. K.). *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. Cassell, 2/6.
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CLEARING BANKS' DEPOSITS (£1,000,000's).					
1922.		Aug.	1,732	March	1,639
Jan.	1,872	Sept.	1,703	April	1,648
Feb.	1,847	Oct.	1,729	May	1,650
March	1,791	Nov.	1,710	June	1,679
April	1,782	Dec.	1,728	July	1,679
May	1,789	1923.		Aug.	1,653
June	1,800	Jan.	1,736	Sept.	1,650
July	1,774	Feb.	1,687		

It will be seen that the figure for September is identical with that for May last, and that with the exception of the June and July totals the banks' deposits have only fluctuated since April within about £5 millions. The increase which took place during the two summer months was due to temporary inflation produced by the half-yearly borrowings by the market and the Government from the Bank of England. A similar movement occurs about December, and, as will be seen, took place at approximately the same period last year. The period during which the continuous shrinkage in deposits has been thus arrested coincides with the few months of the current financial year which have so far elapsed. This fact is of importance, and supplies the explanation of the change which has come about.

When, last year, the Treasury was taking from the public in taxation far more than it was paying out (the surplus for the full twelve months was over £100 millions), and at the same time was disposing of large lines of Treasury Bonds, the Floating Debt was being simultaneously reduced by the repayment of Treasury Bills.* The redemption of debt which is held by the public has no effect upon deposits. But when, as is now largely the case with Treasury Bills, the debt repaid is in the hands of the banks, there is no return of money to the public and a contraction in deposits. What happens (and has, in fact, happened all along) is that both sides of the banks' combined balance-sheet are cut down on the principle that as every bank loan creates a deposit, so every repayment of a bank loan destroys one.

Thus during the first few months of the present calendar year (which was also the last quarter of the Government financial year 1922-23) the continued reduction of Treasury Bills in the Floating Debt resulted in a further decline in the banks' deposits. But during the first half of the financial year 1923-24 (namely, since April last), there has been no excess of revenue, only negligible sales of Treasury Bonds, and consequently little alteration in Floating Debt (Treasury Bills are, in fact, higher). Deposits have therefore not shown the previous tendency to fall.

* The Finance Act, 1920, enabled the Treasury to apply surplus balances as they accrued to the redemption of debt. Had this not been in force, any attempt to hold up £100,000,000 in the Exchequer balances would have wrecked the financial machine.

If, during the next and final quarters of the financial year 1923-24, revenue exceeds expenditure, or more Treasury Bonds are sold, with the result that Floating Debt is again reduced, it is possible that the contraction in banking deposits may be resumed. In that event also gilt-edged security prices might tend upwards again, not only under the influence of the weaker discount rates which would be calculated to ensue, but on prospects of reduced taxation. This happened last year. Although, however, revenue at the end of the first six months shows a decline of no more than £38 millions compared with an estimated fall on the full year of £95 millions, most of the drop occurred in the second quarter and is on that account disquieting. Expenditure at present exceeds last year's figures by the full £4 millions which was the estimated increase over the entire twelve months.

The quick success of the Victoria Government Conversion Loan for £9,000,000 has been followed by full subscription to the Australian Commonwealth issue of £7,500,000, and has encouraged the idea that several other Colonial offers will shortly be made. One of these has already taken shape in a Nigeria Loan for £5,000,000 in 4 per cent. Stock redeemable in 1963, the price of issue being 88 per cent. The popularity of Electric Light investments is indicated by the rapid over-subscription of the Lancashire Electric Light and Power issues; and among other recent appeals have been those of the East African Power and Lighting Company and Tamplin & Sons' Brewery, with one by Alfred Dunhill, Ltd., impending. The anticipated liveliness in new capital issues this month is consequently already well under way.

Meanwhile, activity has been witnessed in share groups which depend to a considerable extent on the prices of various commodities. Thus with Tin over £200 a ton the position of producing companies is good, and the rise in the price of the metal is reflected in the advancing quotations of the shares. Again, the improved values at the Tea Auctions have been responsible for a rapid rise in Tea shares. The reaction which has occurred in this market has coincided with the seasonal falling off in quality of certain consignments to this country, whilst the movement has been accentuated by other factors. Chief of these is the lack of a free market in the shares. There are no carrying-over facilities, and jobbers are always more disposed to marry the buying and selling bargains rather than carry stock on their books. This is probably due to the high denomination of many of the leading shares. The result of this is wide prices and a market which is "all buyers" at one time and "all sellers" at another. Nitrate shares have also shown hesitation, despite the announcement that the Nitrate Producers' Association does not intend to reduce the present scale of prices. Cheaper rubber has depressed Rubber shares. The weekly addition to accumulated stocks lately is not liked in market circles.

Some interesting movements have occurred in Hotel shares. Carlton, Burlington, Frederick, and Savoy, for example, have all risen considerably. Carlton Hotels were at one time this year 14s. 6d., and are now about 22s.; whilst Burlington Hotels have come up from 7s. 6d. to 15s. In the case of the latter the market is expecting a dividend, an event which has not occurred since 1909, when 2½ per cent. was paid.

L. D. W.

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